

In progress

No. 1.

ORGAN OF

THE MUSES

London
THE
MUSICAL

JANUARY

1864.

MONTHLY

AND REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE
THE DRAMA & THE ARTS.

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THE MUSICAL MONTHLY ADVERTISER.

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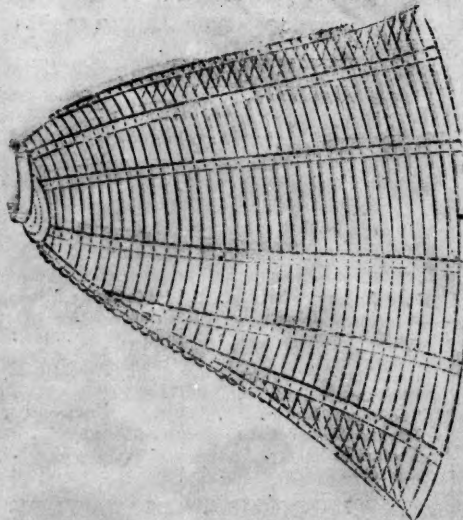
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THE MUSICAL MONTHLY

A REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE
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ORGAN OF THE MUSES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

JANUARY 1st, 1864.

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Editorials.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the preface to a Magazine making its appearance on the First of January, resolutions and promises, plentiful as good wishes, and fair as the snow which drapes the infant year, will naturally be expected; but, conscious of the general indifference with which the introductory bow of author or editor is received in this prolific age of books and serials, it is the intention of the Projectors of this Magazine rather to awaken the reader's interest by an explanation of performances already commenced, than to beguile his attention with specious pledges of possible achievements in the future. Not, however, without considerable pretension does the "MUSICAL MONTHLY" advance its claim upon public approval. It is avowedly original in design as well as in purpose, and is launched on the sea of public opinion with a consciousness that, at least, it will find no rival resembling it in appearance among the hosts of competitors for public favour in the crowded arena of serial literature. A glance at the long list of weekly, monthly, and quarterly magazines might have deterred many from swelling their number; but, strange to say, although almost every class, sect, profession, and even trade, possesses its exclusive organ, the Muses have not obtained this advantage, and Music has hitherto been unrepresented by a magazine devoted to its interests. Newspapers there are professedly devoted to musical literature; but these are chiefly journals of passing events, and as such are read, and lose their interest with the succeeding number. It may also be stated, that the few magazines which pay the musical portion of their readers sufficient respect to add to their miscellaneous contents a sheet of music, make the act almost a meaningless compliment by printing the same in type and size incompatible with usefulness; but a magazine containing original music, published in its legitimate size, adapted to practical requirements, and making literature rather a secondary than a primary feature, has not hitherto been attempted. This, then, is considered sufficient reason for appealing to the music-loving people, and justifies the Projectors in adding another Periodical to the long list of magazines already published. The principal feature to which consideration is invited in this new publication, is an intention to provide monthly a new pianoforte original copyright composition, at a price within the reach of the many, and of a character which shall do nothing to compromise musical taste, but, as far as possible, tend to maintain a standard of excellence. To furnish a suitable composition monthly, the lists are open to all competitors. The charm of an illustrious name will have no influence in the selection; and therefore, with a motive to disarm prejudice, the anonymous will be strictly maintained, and both musical and literary departments of the "MUSICAL MONTHLY" challenge public opinion on their intrinsic merits alone. Contributions, however, of sufficient merit for re-printing in a separate form, will, after a reasonable period from first publica-

tion in these pages, be placed at the disposal of their authors. Not only for the distinguishing feature to which attention has been directed is public approval confidently anticipated, but for other specialities, supplying, it is believed, wants frequently expressed, but hitherto unsatisfied. Without encroaching upon the province of the musical journalist, there are every month events transpiring, not only interesting to the profession, but in themselves worthy of more lasting record than can be given in an ephemeral news-sheet. To this department the Editors will especially devote themselves, and the hearty co-operation of lovers of music is respectfully invited, in order to enable them to supply—not an elaborate review of ordinary occurrences or biased criticism—but a repertoire of brief notices of interest, useful for general reference. Especial care will be taken to place before our readers a correct monthly list and description of new musical publications worthy of notice; and, as a further guide, a calendar of musical and dramatic announcements will be published in every number, in which the "Sights and Sounds" of Town and Country will be announced from month to month. No charge will be made to lessees or proprietors for according publicity to the announcements of the Theatre or Concert-room, correct and early programmes of which will be duly noticed.

Claiming the "MUSICAL MONTHLY" to be, not only a repertoire of Music, but the Organ of the Muses, the sister arts will not be slighted or overlooked. In PAINTING it will be the object of the Editor of that department to promote, among artists themselves, impartial criticisms of each other's works, by which means the standard of excellence will not be dictated by a single mind or the autocratical ukase of a Royal Academy, but the places of honour on the line for our readers' observation will be awarded with careful discrimination, and without prejudice or partiality. LITERATURE, FICTION, and FASHION will be efficiently represented. Original talent will be cultivated and encouraged; but remembering that this Magazine assumes the office of purveyor to lovers of Music and the arts, it would be inconsistent to endeavour to gratify pure and refined taste by providing the more highly-seasoned and sensational dishes which are now frequently concocted to excite the appetite of the vulgar, or literary gourmand. POETRY, which Lamartine asserts to be the guardian angel of humanity in every age, naturally claims from an Organ of the Muses important consideration. It will be the aim of the Editors to point the difference between a song and other minor poems. Poems proper, of imagination and natural beauty, will be grouped together; but it is hoped the "MUSICAL MONTHLY" will supply a medium for collecting "Songs for Music"—a sufficient number of which are lost in the newspapers devoted to current intelligence and exciting politics—at least to supplant the undeserving and questionable effusions which find their way into the Concert and Drawing-room. The value of song-writing may be variously estimated—a thing comparatively valueless being often said to have been bought for "Song;" while others re-

spect, and not without reason, the assertion of the Philosopher who considered the influence of the song-maker on the minds of the people of a higher and more subtle nature than that exercised by the law-maker. It will therefore be the aim of the Editors of the "MUSICAL MONTHLY" to gather together sufficient material to satisfy the multitude who feel what a song is, and to convince the smaller class who are yet scarcely agreed upon what a song is and is not. In brief, by fostering a love and just appreciation for Music and the sister arts, and by appealing to the educated instincts and refinements of civilisation, they trust, through the media of sound and thought, to find a way for their magazine to the hearts and homes of the people, and to have it received with encouragement and expressions of good will as no unwelcome and uninvited guest amidst the happy réunions of Christmas and the New Year.

LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

The drama in England at the present time occupies a peculiar position. It is often affirmed that public taste regulates the character of the supply; but this is a fallacy. Dramatists, as well as novelists, can cast the taste of their audiences into a fresh mould as often as their capacity will allow. The fickleness of a "house" is not a modern peculiarity. We read of it in the chronicles of the Elizabethan period, and even up to the period of the first Georges. But let any of our readers look through Mr. Thackeray's glass at the entertainments which were popular in the time of those same Georges, and they will perceive that they are in many instances marked by an absurd volatility calculated to foster a fickleness in the public mind. Of course there still existed the plays of Shakspeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher and the like; they will never lose their popularity; but the amusements of the court were of a nature little consistent with the dignity of Shaksperian representations, and there originated under the reigns of the Hanoverian monarchs and their German mistresses a fickleness of desire which has since expired. Authors are never damned now in plain English. "Faint praise" is the polite method of the present day of driving unsuccessful playwrights off the stage. But what is the result? The result is a carelessness of composition. Plagiarism officiates for originality, and intellectual laziness is everywhere observable. The phrase is a strong one, but it cannot be denied, that what is now wanted is a judicious spirit of condemnation in the public mind: we want a wholesome hurricane, which would catch in its eddies those moths which fret the garments of foreign dramatists and then come and lay their eggs on British boards.

Were it not for Mr. Phelps, M. Fechter, and Miss Bateman, who, scorning to borrow from the scribblers who act the part of playwrights, either play upon old strings, or lend dignity by their own eminence to exceptional modern productions which they condescend to patronise—were it not for these, dramatic times would be sadly out of joint indeed;



and of these Mr. Phelps may be said to have done most towards redeeming the closing years of the nineteenth century from the stigma of presenting a vacuity to the ridicule of posterity. As it is, we can console ourselves with Manfred; we can applaud with an emotion bordering upon very deep gratitude that exhibition of art which keeps the individual actor before the eye of the audience in spite of scenic effects scarcely preceded. As Drury Lane is admittedly the old home of the English drama, so has it befriended it in the day of its utmost need. To introduce a choral tragedy from the pen of Byron to an orthodox audience, to begin with, required no small amount of "pluck;" and with any one but Mr. Phelps to play the part of Manfred, few but those who delight in gigantic squibs and crackers and pretty scenic delusions would visit this very comfortable theatre. It must be admitted, that when the Magian is perambulating his darkened chamber, and the one star is up in the dusky heaven, the song of the Spirit of Ether grates somewhat harshly on the ear. We have nothing to say against Miss Heywood's voice, except that it is not ethereal; exert your imagination as you will, you cannot persuade yourself that you are listening to a Spirit of the Air. Of course such a disadvantage was anticipated from the first; but these defects, insurmountable defects, render the genius of Phelps more conspicuous. To personate a philosopher and a magian, driven wild by his abstruse researches and midnight contemplation of insoluble problems, is an achievement the difficulty of which has never been equalled. But to sustain the character surrounded by impossibilities, when brought in contact with impracticable appearances, and placed in positions of the wildest improbability, call for a stretch of art which deserves a laurel never worn before.

We have devoted our attention especially to Mr. Phelps, because he is the main support of the drama now-a-days, the one substantial beam which prevents the majestic building from falling into ruin. But having gone so far, what have we to anticipate? There are many rumours current, with reference to projected plays by eminent writers. It is rather singular that the two poets who satirized each other not very long ago—"Miss Alfred" and her friend Sir Bulwer—should be reported as engaged on the same species of work. It is said that Sir Bulwer Lytton has failed; as to "Miss Alfred," no contradiction has appeared to the oft-published and oft-repeated assertion that "Enoch the Fisherman," by Alfred Tennyson, a drama in five acts, will one of these days be published. Without raising to the question whether dramatists must be poets, it may fairly be said that the converse is not to be maintained; and consequently, when it is affirmed that the Poet Laureate has a drama in hand, sanguine expectations do not necessarily follow. To begin with, "Enoch the Fisherman" is not a promising title; for a poem it might be admirable, but not so for a drama. Neither are we surprised to hear that Sir Bulwer Lytton has failed in his attempt to please M. Fechter. Place either of these gentlemen beside Shakspeare. Not only was this prince of dramatists a greater poet than either—not only was his command of language unbounded in comparison, his wit illimitable, his philosophy sublime, his knowledge of mankind unfathomable, when compared with the moderns—but he possessed an intimate acquaintance with those trifles so indispensable on the stage which make perfection.

The lovers of the true drama look around them vainly for a gleam of light in this obscurity. Those authors who could write dramas of which we might be proud will not trouble themselves to learn the intricacies of the art, while those who are acquainted with the technicalities have not the ability to conceive, or the genius which enables a man to place his conceptions in lucid order. The inevitable consequence is a deplorable stagnation—darkness around us, darkness in front of us; but whilst the critic is in despair, that despair is illumined by a ray of hope that the great capabilities of Phelps and Fechter will incite to action some hitherto unknown dramatic genius; and the man who proves himself to be such will receive a welcome intensified in its vigour by the recollection of the miserable intellectual fare to which the lovers of the drama have been condemned by contemporary playwrights.

NATIONAL OPERA.

WITH the exception of Greece and Italy, there is, perhaps, no country, either of ancient or modern times, that can boast of such a splendid array of poets as England. Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, and Shelley, are names which belong not only to Albion's isle, but to the whole world—so universal is the chastening influence of these writers over literature, progress, and civilization. In musicians, our country cannot be considered so fortunate, as we fall immeasurably below the standard of most of the continental nations. Still we may lay claim to some very respectable composers, and for song and ballad music we need not fear comparison with either Spain, France, or Germany. It must therefore appear exceedingly strange, that with poets of the highest order, and a school of music of fair reputation, in national opera we should be so far behind—indeed, it might be gravely questioned, whether, in the strict acceptation of the phrase, we have a national opera at all. If it be contended that we have, it would then seem that it was repudiated by the nation itself, which prefers supporting the musical productions of foreigners.

The Italian composer comes to this country, places his opera upon the stage, written in a foreign tongue, to be performed and sung by foreign artists, and after a few rehearsals finds himself famous, his work appreciated, and his audience enraptured. Not so with the English composer. With the advantages of national language, and also native popular actors, and a strong current of public prejudice running in his favour, after a few representations he finds his opera losing interest, and is only tolerated for the want of something more congenial to the public mind.

Are we to impute the present abject condition of English opera to the non-appreciative taste of the English people for national productions? Certainly not. The fault rests with the composers and stage-managers, who undertake a mission for which they are not qualified, and not with the British public, who never evinced a sluggish spirit in recognising native ability whenever that ability has unmistakably developed itself; and if those whose province it is to teach will not base their instruction upon legitimate principles, they must not expect to awaken pleasure or excite interest. The poet, whether speaking to the heart through the media of Music, Language, Painting, or Sculpture, must become the high-priest of Nature—he cannot disregard her voice with impunity. The Poet-musician, as soon as his ear is deadened by the bray of public applause, or loses its delicacy by pandering to the coarser dictates of human nature, refuses to heed her admonitions, and becomes incapable of discriminating between the sublime and the ridiculous. This seems to be the error into which English opera writers have fallen. Through the works of many of the great masters of Italy and Germany it is obvious that the Poet and the Musician understand each other; but, judging from a heap of modern *libretti*, the masters of the English school seem either utterly indifferent to, or unconscious of the distinction between poetry and words—they appear to regard poetry as a sentimental recreation, rather than the power which would give their melodies the life of which they stand so desperately in need. Surely, for the wearisome dialogue considered necessary in order to make English opera intelligible, some less clumsy method could be devised; and frequently it is too painfully obvious that the songs (so called by courtesy) scattered over a modern libretto with a liberal hand, are simply inserted for the sake of varying the versification, with little regard to the unity of the opera itself; for these jingling lines by common-place rhymesters, with no more of the life-blood of poetry in them than there is in the tattered garments dangling and fluttering from a stick to frighten the fowls of the air from a growing crop, might be supplanted by words of music which are to be found among the noble lyrics of Tennyson, Kingsley, Bailey, and others. Here would they find not only words, but music—music that only requires the interpretation it is the Musician's vocation to supply; and instead of their writings languishing, and the complaint arising, that their productions produce no impression, they would be startled by a consciousness of the influence of their genius on the minds of the people, which, even when untutored, is singularly

susceptible of the truth and beauty of genuine poetry, howsoever expressed. If proof were necessary of the life infused into music by genuine poetry, we have only to cite in evidence the songs of Burns and Moore. What has familiarized and rescued from comparative obscurity the melodies of Ireland and Scotland but the inspiring words from the lips—nay, from the hearts of these true poets. Another cause of failure, to our minds, is the mistake of the lessees of the finest opera-house in Europe in emulating the examples of minor theatres. No sooner does a drama become popular, than, whether suited or not to the requirements of opera, it is dragged before the public in a new and most uncomfortably-fitting dress. Neither the genius of Mr. Benediet, nor the pertinacity of Mr. Balfe could do, anything with the uncongenial soil from which flourished the *Colleen Bawn* and the *Duke's Motto*. The success of these pieces as acting dramas had its entire foundation in the extraordinary finish and completeness of the original representations—merits wholly wanting in the tame and fragmentary operas of the *Lily of Killarney* and *Blanche de Nevers*. These repeated failures will, we trust, have a salutary influence upon the minds of composers and managers, teaching them the fallacy of supposing that everything presented on the stage is convertible into opera. These adaptations should be beneath the notice of the true lover of art, for were they supported even by a Mario or a Grisi, they would still, as now, fall still-born upon the mind of the people. It is high time that public attention should be directed to English opera, if there is any desire to elevate it from the obloquy into which it has fallen. At home it is disrespected, abroad it is spoken of as a combination of everything without a connection—a thing of shreds and patches, strung together without order or arrangement. The mechanic takes the place of the artist, and the stage-manager that of the poet. The manager of a theatre relies, not upon the powers of the bard, but upon the attractions of gorgeous costumes and scenic decorations; and if he can prevail upon his composer to drag in a few of the most popular airs that will suit the voices of some of his leading singers and find an echo in the drawing-room, or among the "gods," he cares very little about the manner in which the opera is presented. Poetry, plot, moral, dramatic interest, and unity of action, count for nothing—effect and passing applause for everything; and these are among the first simple reasons why the national opera languishes. An opera, to be worthy of the name, must consist of something more than a series of popular songs placed at random without regard to dramatic incident, scene, or situation. It should be a natural narration, a perfect arrangement of parts, and a mutual adaptation of genuine poetry and music to secure a certain result. To obtain this, we require the first masters of the art—poet-musicians, who will not be led away from the lofty standard they are designed to maintain by the temptations of evanescent applause, or coarser considerations; but, until our poets either learn to give musical expression to the beauty of their own thoughts, or our musicians better understand our great poets, we may hope, but hope in vain, for any improvement in English opera. We have no wish to depreciate the labours of Mr. Wallace or of Mr. Balfe, who certainly have in their earlier days produced some creditable performances which the world will not willingly forget; but if we are to have a national operatic school, we must commence at the beginning, first understand the principles and laws of Nature, and then by a gradual process we may attain to perfect development. Our composers must have some little respect for their own dignity—think more of natural agencies and less of trade influences—prefer a consciousness of genius to the mercenary success of the music-shop. Truth, faithful delineation of character, thought clothed in the richest language, and dramatic incidents linked together as a perfect whole, are absolutely requisite to make an opera complete; and if composers will stoop from their lofty position to suit stage-managers, and supply only songs for ladies' schools, and music-shops, let them cease to upbraid the public taste, and to impute to the frequenters of operatic entertainments a preference for the works of foreigners, over those of native artists. The task is entirely in their own hands. If they will render English opera respectable, the musical world will respect it; but

if they will cling to uncouth and meaningless rhapsodies, and string together things that have little or no connection with each other, as a matter of course those who are capable of appreciating poetry and music, if they cannot be satisfied at home, will seek elsewhere for what is to them, to say the least of it, a necessity.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"The merry, merry bells of Yule" will have died into silence before we can wish the readers of the "MUSICAL MONTHLY" a Merry Christmas. But the good wishes do not end with the music of the bells; they run through all the year like the beauty of the gifts of the season and the voices of happy children who hail the day.

Christmas is, of course, a universal festival in all Christendom; but it seems to belong especially to England. In Italy it is magnificent, if you see the Pope in procession and the holy cradle in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. In Germany it is as gay as any festival can be in those grey German December days, and the Christmas trees twinkle with their fiery blossoms in many happy homes. In France few festivals rise above the general level of festivity, so as to be especially remarked. In America to have a holiday is to draw an elephant. But in England the day is most closely intertwined with a hundred associations. The poets, the story-tellers, and the historians, all delight in it, so that English literature is fragrant with the mistletoe. The mere word Christmas is a spell to conjure visions of cheerful country life—of charity aroused in the city—of glad hearts, good cheer, and dance, and song, and a general feeling of the great common humanity typified in Him whose birth the day commemorates.

Of these English authors, Milton and Dickens are the two whose names are most closely blended with the season.

Milton's Hymn of the Nativity is one of the greatest of odes. It is the stateliest strain of the most stately of poets. It has a majesty of rhythm almost beyond that of any other work in literature; a grandeur like that of a vast cataract or an ample river, full at once of repose, of power, and of grace. The religious severity of Milton's mind—his expansive scholarship, which compelled tributes of beauty for the adorning of his verse from every region of literature—his imagination, which used for illustration among these only what was in its very name musical or inevitably suggestive by its association—that regal melancholy, profound yet bright, like the sea in summer—all that is most distinctive in Milton's character and genius leaves its impress upon this wondrous hymn.

Charles Lamb says Milton should be read to the playing of organs; but this hymn makes its own music. It flows on with billowy harmonies. Humboldt tells us of the musical rocks upon the banks of the Orinoco, filling all the air with melody—so rolls the Hymn of the Nativity, like a magnificent river through a silent land, pealing forth a celestial song.

Yet if the general character of this noble hymn suggests the vast sky of stars which overhang the listening Syrian shepherds, so do the "Christmas Carols" recall the song of peace and good-will which those shepherds heard beneath those stars.

There were never such sermons before, never such stories with a moral as the Christmas tales of Dickens. The play of humour, of pathos, of exquisitely exaggerated character—each of which would make the fame of any author—are all dexterously subordinated to the simple moral, a course which would ruin the fame of almost any other author.

Probably few writings of any kind have ever had a more directly good influence upon men and society, or more beautifully shown how the magic of genius elevates and illuminates. The dark, dingy, dreadful town, with poverty, and toil, and crime, is made, under the light of a few generous Christian emotions, to glow and shine like the celestial city. Simple virtues invest common men and women like heavenly robes, and in the homeliest, most surprising, most touching, and memorable manner, the profoundest words of the teacher who names the day are borne in upon the mind and left flowering in the heart.—"The kingdom of heaven is within you."

In all Christian churches, as is most fit, a solemn service is held on Christmas Day. Music and preaching, with the exchange of friendly greetings, and the quiet inward vow, celebrate the festival. But there is another service which may well be performed in every family by the hearth, the altar of the home, and that is the reading of the Bible story of Christ's birth, followed by Milton's Hymn of the Nativity; and, for sermon and application, and illustration, some one of Dickens's Carols.

That is a service which will not seem, even to the youngest child, formal or a matter of course; but in the years to come, long and long hereafter, when the genial pen that wrote the Carols writes no longer, and the voices that read the Carols now are silent for ever, that youngest child may perpetuate the fond tradition to his children, and add to the story and the hymn that tender pathos of association which shall make his Christmas to his age, as his elders made it to his childhood—the loveliest day of the year—a feast—a sacrament.

CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

A Christmas Week in Town! What visions of laughter-killing burlesques and side-splitting pantomimes!—of jolly Mr. Buckstone and that dear, funny Mr. Toole!—of glorious evening parties and flirtations with nice interesting young gentlemen in white wispes of neckties and patent leather boots!—of gleaming poulterers' shops from which hang appletic geese and plethoric turkeys, seemingly choleric, too, in their dangle redness! What recollections of that visit to the theatre with papa, and the flaming links to light the carriage doors! What scenes of horrid little boys with very blue hands and very red comforters "cutting out" slides on the pavement, and tripping up passers-by, and one another with malice prepense!—of the Delivery Company's carts stopping at the door so early in the morning (and when the ground was covered with crisp hoar-frost), bringing goodly hampers from considerate friends in the country, and of the letter, too, which arrived by the next post, containing their love, and hoping we had the parcel all safe! What thoughts of a snug fireside, a bright fire, a square little nugget of toast, and a sip or so—only a sip or so, mind!—of that glorious mulled wine, on Christmas-eve!—and papa saying, "My love to you, my dears," and smiling round the little home circle with genuine Christmas love!

A Christmas Week in town! What dreams does that magic sentence suggest!—of suspended mistletoe and tempting lips—of the smallest of waists and of fiddlers three!—of long eyelashes and sparkling eyes!—of "May I have the honour, Miss Wilkins?" and "Most happy, I am sure, Mr. Smith!"—of rustling silks and fligree toes!—of—in short, of everything happy and nice! How many of us can look back to a Christmas week in town, and reflect on it as the happiest period of our lives. It is a time when papa unbends, and takes his share of a romp with the least of us; when mamma cannot, for the life of her, refuse to stand up in a quadrille; when poor relations are not forgotten—but generally manage to exhibit an alarming amount of self-abnegation in the matter of Blind Man's Buff, and always appear willing to be caught; and this is an important point, mind—it is pre-eminently a time of pudding! Talk not to me of mince-pies as a substitute for a Christmas pudding—they are a delusion and a snare. What pleasure would our little children have, think ye, in anticipating Christmas, but for the attendant pudding? Are not the papers in our Unions "regaled with a plentiful supply" (you observe we quote from the current journals) of roast-beef and pudding on Christmas-day? True, a good dinner on one day of the year is but a sorry substitute for a very—very, very—poor one on the trifling matter of the three hundred and sixty-four remaining days; but if they are to have but one good dinner a year, by all means let it be on Christmas-day. Why, you might as well think of doing away with the day itself, as with the pudding. No, no; Christmas pudding is one of those institutions to which we are persuaded all parties give in their allegiance.

Shall you ever forget the impression produced by the Waits in the calm stillness of night, during your last Christmas week in Town? How beautifully clear and mellow the little man's flute sounded when you peeped out—and how nicely the harp blended with it in "Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!" Do you expect to hear that good old Saxon melody played so beautifully ever again?—Did you hear it played so beautifully ever before? Why, we know a preacher—and a popular preacher, too—who was so affected by the pensive melancholy of this legend, played by the Waits, that he got out of his warm bed, made a cup of coffee, cut some bread-and-butter with his own hands, and invited these minstrels of the night-season to partake—not sending them away with empty pockets, either, I warrant you. Some people, as you are aware, grumble at the Waits, and the quick-tempered old gentleman of the large house, with the clanging bell, even threatened to send for the police, or set the dog at them, if they dared to disturb him again; but nevertheless the majority love them, even as we do, because they are the perpetrators of a time-honoured custom, and serve to remind us of the duties and hospitalities incumbent on us at this season of the year.

For, let us never forget that Christmas Week in town has its melancholy and wretched, as well as happy and pleasant accompaniments. Thousands there are, in the back neighbourhoods of London—in the purlieus of Houndsditch and the slums of Bethnal Green—who do not look forward to Christmas with any feeling of pleasure or anticipation, and to whom, huddled as they are in their miserable dwellings, the sight of Christmas prodigality is but gall and wormwood, hundreds whose only covering is the sky, and who cannot lie down at night without the fear of imprisonment, as prowling rogues and vagabonds. It is good to remember this, or we might for a moment fancy that Christmas-tide is welcome and genial to all.

Christmas-day is a nondescript in town. True, it is a *dies non* in civil matters, and those gentlemen who do business in stocks and shares are not to be found on 'Change on the 25th of December; but there are still signs of business in the streets. Poulterers' shops generally linger open, if geese and turkeys "move off slowly," until the ordinary dinner-time—so do butchers', and bakers', and candle-stick makers'. By afternoon, however, Christmas-day in the streets is far more decorously observed than Sunday, and, excepting people going out to dinner, there are not many out-of-doors. A curious and interesting sight is Covent Garden Market very early on Christmas morning. On either side of the colonnade, as you know, there are fruiterers' shops and stores, but it is not here that the bustle and the hurry is. Outside and all round, piles of baskets containing Christmas fruits; scores of wagons containing Christmas vegetables; hundreds of workers providing for Christmas dinners. It is just the flag-end of the great demand, and a clearance is being made—and with all speed, too, for let us hope that all these hearty and willing labourers have a good Christmas dinner to go home to. Inside the colonnade the shops are being shut for the day, for after the early morning their proprietors cannot hope to do business. Here are plentiful supplies of the more *recherché* items of dessert—the kindly fruits of the earth, including a certain fruit called "medlars," which, at Christmas, are supposed to be equally rotten and ripe. As you pass out of the "garden," built by John, Earl of Bedford, take a passing glance at the new terminus at Charing Cross, and the fine bridge across the river; and so homeward. It is not our intention to particularize the various amusements of a Christmas Week in Town, under this heading, seeing that that information can be easily procured by reference to our column, descriptive of "London Sights and Sounds." Let us however, considering the principle feature in this "Magazine," rather contrast two of the musical entertainments of London, characteristic of Christmas Week. The performance of an Oratorio by the Sacred Harmonic Society cannot justly be termed a mere amusement. The effect of such a performance is not ephemeral. We will say the *Messiah* is to be performed by the grand orchestra which the leaders have drilled, as it were, to such perfection. The principal vocalists are selected from the most famous artists in Europe, and the *bâton* of conductor is assigned to a gentleman who, himself a composer, knows how to do full justice to the production of the great master. Listen to one of the sublimest emanations from human genius, expounded by the most perfect phalanx of human skill! Listen to the golden-throated soloists who render with such beauty the passages that have made the name of Handel famous throughout the world—and then to the magnificent swelling chorus which arises, as the voice of one man, from the numbers which swell the band. See the audience rise, unanimously, and listen reverently to the splendid Hallelujah chorus—one of the most perfect and magnificent compositions of a musical age. Surely we cannot feel other than ennobled and purified by the grand performance; for how little do the frivolities of fashion appear beside it! When we listen to the solemn strains of a pealing organ, the sweet voices of sacred singers, and the vast body of cultivated sound proceeding from the choruses, we cannot but feel that the power of such music on the human mind, is vast, indeed.

There is another, and very different, description of music, which also has considerable power on the minds of its auditory; and, in accordance with our intimation, we make no apology for conducting our readers to the interior of a London music-hall. The change from Exeter Hall, perhaps, is rather startling, but still perfectly natural; for as the tavern is situated within a step of the church, and ministers of religion jostle in the streets against convicted felons, so, in the crowded path of life in our great city, the greatest transitions meet us at every step. From Handel to Mackney, from the grandeur of an oratorio to the maundering imbecility of a modern comic song, is indeed a descent; but it is a descent which is made every day. Music-halls are thick as blackberries (and much thicker) in London, and they are generally found to pay handsomely. The general style of entertainment provided by their proprietors is—a variety of songs called comic; dancing; and a stump oration from Unsworth, or a "negro delineation" by a soot and grease-bedaubed sentimental blackguard in a preposterous tail-coat and a hat with no brim. The dancing (?) is oftentimes more shamefully immoral than that which disgraces our operatic ballets; while to do more than refer to "Any other man," would be but "wasting criticism on unresisting imbecility," as Johnson hath it. The audiences—or rather the attendants—of our Music-halls are not of the most respectable order in society. Clerks and shopmen who live in town, receive moderate salaries, and carry latch-keys; now and then a swell, if the music-hall be in a fashionable neighbourhood; and of the female visitors—the less said the better. The men, whose boots are generally no better than they should be about the heels, smoke a great deal, stare fixedly through eye-glasses, and select their drinks from a number of beverages named on the back of the programme—headed by the polite intimation that "gin, per go, in this establishment, is 4d." How much gin constitutes a "go" we are not able to say. Attached to some of these popular places of amusement, are skittle-alleys and billiard-rooms, where betting, swearing, drinking, and often quarrelling and fighting go on unrestrained. We cannot, therefore, honestly advise our readers to visit them during their "Christmas week in town."

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

The great majority of those who cross the Channel for a few days' relaxation visit Paris in the dog days, and the facilities for out-of-door life, the love of the Parisians for the public highways and public establishments, the throng of visitors and the variety of entertainments, give to the capital of France the air of a watering-place whose season is contemporary with the roses. Notwithstanding all these facts and appearances, there is nobody in Paris at that season of the year; everybody has left it long since for Baden, Ems, Homburg, the sea-side, or some other fashionable resort, unless we may take into account a few eccentrics, like a well-known lady of fashion who stays in Paris in September, because, as she says truly enough, the provincials in the city are far more amusing than the Parisians in the country. During the hot months, then, Paris is full of nobodies, creatures from the country, cockneys and others; and it is only when the leaves are all gone that Paris itself comes home.

The real commencement of the fashionable season is the *Jour de l'An*, New Year's Day. A week previously the gay and elegant boulevards are invaded by a motley group, who set to work vigorously to convert the long promenade into a straggling fair, and on Christmas Day these main arteries of Paris, from the *Madeleine* to the *Barrière du Trône*, and elsewhere, are half covered with shabby little huts, crammed with almost every kind of commodity from sweetmeats to hardware, but all of a very humble description. The elegant confectioners' shops which face those wretched hovels present an extraordinary contrast; their windows, counters, shelves, drawers, and boxes, are literally crammed with sweetmeats of every description, formed, flavoured, and decked out with an extraordinary amount of taste, culinary and artistic; and as New Year's Day approaches, these attractive establishments are crowded from morning to night. There is a bond of union between these brilliant shops and those miserable hovels; both have for their object the supply of one and the same want, or, rather, demand; every man in France being under the social necessity of presenting all the ladies of his family and acquaintance with some material proof of his affection and attention on the *Jour de l'An*. In the upper circles the *Etreennes*, or New Year's gifts, are simply sweetmeats; and if the *bons-bons* should, by chance, be contained in a casket encrusted with pearl, inlaid with enamels, decorated with choice painting, carving, or fret-work, or blazing in all the magnificence of velvet and gold, no notice is to be taken of that; the sweetmeats are the *Etreennes*, the envelope is a mere elegant accident. On New Year's Day the boulevards and streets of Paris are thronged with gentlemen in smart morning dress, on foot and in every kind of carriage, making the tour of the houses, where they are received on a friendly footing; and such is the labour devolving on men who live in what alone is honoured with the name of society, and such is the accidental cost of the envelopes referred to, that a violent epidemic is said to set in at that season which confines an immense number of young men to their beds, or sends them into the country for the benefit of fresh air.

Every one must make a call upon his or her friends during the first week of the year, and the omission of this ceremony is almost equivalent to a cut direct. The Court receives on the morning of New Year's Day, and the courtyard of the Tuileries is thronged for hours, and blazing with uniforms, decorations, and embroidery.

In short, all Paris male is on foot all day long for nearly a week, and all Paris female is at home to welcome him, and receive the homage of his *Etreennes*. In the good old times each gentleman had the honour of saluting the lady whom he visited, and such is still the custom in the more humble circles and in the provinces, but the *crème* of Parisian society has, like that of London, banished the missette, as it were, to the servants' hall.

The New Year is a grand time, too, for the goddess of Fashion, whose devotees never forget their duties; and during the afternoon promenade, and at the theatres, concerts, balls, and parties in the evening, the Parisian belles revel in new and tasteful applications of all that is graceful and fairy-like.

Christmas is not a great *fête* in France, but on Christmas-eve midnight mass is performed in every church in France, accompanied in the principal churches of Paris by excellent music. After this ceremony, it is the fashion to meet and sup *en famille*, or with parties of friends, and these *Réveillons*, as they are called, are very gay, and sometimes very boisterous, affairs.

From the commencement of the season to Lent is the time of public and private plain and fancy-dress balls and masquerades, culminating in the grand Carnival balls of the Opera and elsewhere, on Shrove-Tuesday. The Carnival out of doors has become a sorry affair in Paris, if it were ever otherwise; but the opera ball is still a scene of extraordinary and wild excitement, and on that night disorder reigns almost supreme. For some few years masquerades, and especially fancy balls and private theatricals, have been the rage in the fashionable world, and the *arbitres elegantiarum* say, that this season they will be more so than ever. We must not omit to mention the procession of the *bœuf gras*, which is a kind of cross, being a cattle show and that of our own revered Gog and Magog; this commences on the Sunday previous, and ends on Shrove-Tuesday. It consists of a long cavalcade composed of troops of knights in various medieval costumes, a grand mythological car containing Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, Cupid, and half the famous dwellers in Olympus, with another containing the prize ox or oxen—except when the poor animals are compelled to trudge on all fours—

attended by a strong guard of honour, and marching to the inspiring music of military bands. These three days are the delight of the democracy, and the glory of the *gamins* of Paris. The goddesses look a little chilly sometimes in their Olympian costume—in spite of the footstool filled with hot charcoal ashes—but the affair is generally very creditably got up and carried out.

The French are supposed to be a musical people, and they are very fond of music of some kind; but there is no capital in Europe worse off for concert-rooms; in fact, there is not one good public hall in the city. Most of the concerts are held in rooms belonging to the great pianoforte makers, Hertz, Erard, Pleyel, and others, but none of these are of any great size. A change is, however, taking place in this respect. M. Pasdeloup, the conductor of the orchestra of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, which, by the way, has a theatre in which classical concerts are given during the season, but to which access is almost as difficult as to our Almack's—has established public concerts of classical music, which are given in one of the circuses, on Sundays, and have become the fashion. M. Musard is about to commence a series of more popular concerts in the other circus; and a third, which will include a promenade, will be commenced shortly in the *Salle d'Athénée*, near the *Hôtel Clugny*. Add to these the *cafés chantants*, which exist all over the town and the doors of which are open to all consumers, and where the music takes its tone from the locality, and you have a rapid sketch of the means of popular musical entertainment in Paris. We must not, however, omit to say that the magnificent dining-rooms of the two grand hotels are frequently devoted to public morning concerts, and now and then to evening entertainments of various kinds.

The visitor to Paris will find great changes in the theatres: the *Français* has been greatly improved within and without; eight or more theatres have been demolished, two being rebuilt on a grand scale on the *Place de Châtelet*, already mentioned; another, the *Gaité*, in a square in the *Boulevard Sébastopol*, others near the *Boulevard du Temple*, where seven formerly stood in a group; and the successful *Bouffes Parisiens*, where the compositions of Offenbach are played, is being rebuilt on the old site, by the Italian opera, and will open very shortly.

Should the weather be propitious, the skater may enjoy himself in the *Bois de Boulogne*; and the scene on the lakes, which are covered with well-dressed ladies, who pursue the icy road in small chair sledges, urged by a skater, is very animated. The roads in and about the *Champs Elysées* and the *Bois de Boulogne* are also gay with sledges, introduced by the Russians, who resort much to Paris; and the handsome horses with gay trappings, jingling with little bells, are seen to great advantage. The Emperor is an excellent skater, and the Empress may often be seen enjoying a ride in a sledge on the ice or the frozen road, and during the season one or more brilliant parties are generally given by the Court on the ice by torchlight. These were held last year on a fine sheet of water, above and behind the grand cascade in the *Bois de Boulogne*—in fact, on the surface of the water in the reservoir which supplies the waterfall; and the scene was one of the most remarkable that could be witnessed of its kind.

The winter is also the student's season, all the principal courses of lectures at the colleges and school commencing in or about the present month of December. The *Collège de France* is open to all the world, and so is the *Sorbonne*, with the exception that ladies do not attend the latter.

The *Louvre* has undergone, and is still undergoing, great internal changes; the rooms which contained the paintings of the French school and the *Musée des Souverains*, have all been dismantled, and their contents are being gradually re-arranged; the fine collection of Crystal cups, agates, jewelled ware, old china, and other articles, which were formerly half-hidden in a small and obscure room, now occupy the gorgeous *Salon d'Apollon*, which served before as a mere lobby to the great gallery of paintings; and, lastly, the *Campana* collection and that of M. Sauvageot are being worthily installed. The visitor to Paris will scarcely recognize these portions of the *Louvre*, and will find large additions, both as regards space and objects of interest.

Lastly the *Jardin des Plantes*, which had fallen into a sad state, has been restored and greatly improved, and well deserves a visit; while, at the other end of the city the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*, in the *Bois de Boulogne*, grows rapidly and supplies a delightful promenade.

Such are a few of the principal points of interest for the winter visitor to Paris; but the true life of Paris is to be found in the *salons*, about which we may, perhaps, on another occasion say a few words.

THE DARKENED CAGE.—"How wretched should I be, said the imprisoned bird, in my ceaseless night, without the beautiful tunes, that sometimes like distant rays penetrate into my cage, and brighten my darkest day. But I will impress these heavenly melodies upon me, and like the echo, practice them, till I am able to console myself with them in my darkness. And the little songster learned to sing the melodies that were played before it, and then the cloth was raised, for it was only to teach, that it had been kept in the dark. How often do we men and women complain of the beneficent obscurity of our days! But only then do we rightly complain, when we have thereby learned nothing. And is not our whole earthly existence, but a curtain to the soul? Oh, when the curtain is drawn aside, may it fly upwards with new melodies!"

Literary Notes and Notices.

"Christmas comes but once a year;
And when he comes, he brings good cheer."

So says the old English ballad; and as substantial proof that the burden of the song is not a mere rhymester's fancy, we have year after year a profusion of those luxuries and material comforts of life which from time immemorial associate themselves with the hospitalities of the season. Not only do Leadenhall and Covent Garden markets vie with each other in supplying abundance of "good cheer," but Paternoster Row is not behind hand in contributing its seasonable additions to the Christmas bill of fare; not, however, to gratify the sensual, but the intellectual taste. Hence we have Christmas books in profusion. The "Row," on the magazine-day of December, is one of the sights of London, and it would afford many an author or lover of books entertainment to stand for a few minutes in Stationers' Hall Court, or the bottom of Ave Maria Lane, and watch the crowd of scrambling book-collectors rushing into "Simpkin's," "Longman's," or "Hamilton's" colossal establishments—to see the load of books and papers they contrive to cram into their capacious knapsacks, and to hear the rapidity with which they rehearse the list of books and serials they require. Many an author might gather some profitable information from the abbreviations given to the pretentious titles of their own works, and five minutes at the counter of "Simpkin" or "Longman" would convince the more prolix of the value of brevity on the title-page; for among the fraternity of book-collectors, at least on magazine-day, every energy is concentrated in economizing both words and time—and no wonder, when you reflect that this same Paternoster Row is the fountain from whence flows that vast stream of publications which irrigates so plentifully not only the British Islands, but half the globe. As St. Valentine's Day to the weary postman, so is magazine-day on the first of December, to the book collector. The influx of annuals, special season books, volumes completed, all conspire to sensibly increase the load under which he labours, in passing from publisher to publisher. He carries about with him a consciousness, too, of his own responsibility. The book-parcel he is gathering, on the morrow must be in the hands of the retailer. There is no losing sight of this fact, for what would a country town on a dull first of December become without its Magazines? If the well-known familiar wrapper of a favorite serial were not forthcoming, the disappointment would scarcely be forgiven; and so book after book is added to the heap, whilst groaning under a weight of wisdom painful to contemplate, the patient collector, with not unnaturally an occasional growl at the prolificness of British authors, keeps his appointments to the minute. Among the old friends and familiar faces in a new dress becoming Christmas time, one of the most conspicuous in our book-parcel of the month, is a new edition of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, published by Mr. Bentley. Of the beautifully printed literary portion—since this book has become an English classic, it is needless to say a word in praise; and when we inform our readers that the illustrations are by Cruikshank, Tenniel, and Leech, we shall have said sufficient to prove that this edition of a work so full of genuine humour, and so free from all that coarseness which burlesque writers of the present day seem to think indispensable in order to make their questionable witticisms appreciated, is one most appropriate gift-book of the season. We are glad to see, by a volume from Mr. Routledge, entitled *Parables of our Lord*, that he is at length disposed to treat us with a variety of style in book illustration. In so many Christmas, Birthday, and other special occasion books, issuing from Farringdon-street, we have seen Mr. Birket Foster's sketches do duty, that we had begun to despair of anything new from these enterprising publishers. We had begun, too, to get a little tired of the incessant "editings" and "selections" of Mr. Wilmot, and in lieu of the scraps from the Poets, which that gentleman has been in the habit of hashing up into Christmas dishes for some years past, we are glad to notice a new book of a more dignified character and worthier the occasion. The interest of this volume, to lovers of art, is awakened by the fact that its illustrations are by Millais. Mr. Routledge also reprints *Robinson Crusoe*, and this new edition, the illustrations of which are also good, by Mr. Watson, and engraved by the Brothers Dalziel, is a boy's book which cannot fail receiving a hearty welcome among boys. From Mr. Routledge, although scarcely a book of the month, we must not pass over Mr. Longfellow's new poems, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, a singularly peaceful volume from the land of war. Indeed, remembering the bugle-notes of our own Poet Laureate when we were unhappily involved in war, we are more than ever at a loss to recognize the resemblance, insisted upon by the admirers of Longfellow, between the two poets; not that we are disappointed in finding in the volume no traces of the reckless "Manhattan" spirit which characterizes so many of the newspaper pictures of the sanguinary slaughter-fields of America; but when such mighty interests are at stake—when the ravages of war are desolating his native land, we scarcely think the time propitious to sit down in a "wayside inn," and devote a poet's powers to story-telling in versification. It is not, however, the critic's province to cavil over what a poet has not done; but, since we have failed to find in this new volume even sufficient to sustain Mr. Longfellow's reputation, we may express a regret,

that instead of seeking his heroes among the legends of bloody-minded savages, and gods and Vikings of the icy North, he had not found subjects nearer home worth poetic description,—for surely there must be abundant material in the history of the heroism his own countrymen have displayed in what they maintain to be their struggle for the emancipation of the negro. We cannot forget that Homer animated the hearts of the Greeks—Tyrtaeus roused the spirit of the Spartans, Aexius fought in the ranks, and in modern times the youthful Korner gave not only his heart's poetry but his poet's heart to the Fatherland; and Byron could not control an irresistible impulse to show by deeds as well as words that the cause of Greek independence to him was not merely an affected sentimentalism. We would not that it should be inferred that we desire to see Mr. Longfellow exchange the poet's mantle for the soldier's knapsack; but we do maintain that at such a crisis as the present a Poet in America has no unworthy mission to fulfil, and we should have hailed with delight any expressions of heart-sympathy from the Poet in attempting to influence his countrymen for good, amidst the frenzy and trials of this troubled time. The volume, however, before us contains much that will please Mr. Longfellow's admirers, but there is nothing novel in its arrangement, and the characters are of a very ordinary description, although they are drawn with considerable discrimination. You have at once the plan of the book, if you imagine a group assembled in the parlour of a wayside inn, comprising the landlord, a student, a young Sicilian, a Spanish Don, a theologian, a poet, and a musician, all of whom tell short tales in verse, having no more connection with each other than the stories which act as a most complete foil to the inimitable creation which Mr. Dickens has given us this Christmas, in *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*. Occasionally throughout the volume are to be found passages which could only have emanated from an educated mind and a complete master of versification. Among these is a quotation we make, as *appropos* to the pages of our Magazine, being descriptive of the Musician who

"As he stood
Illumed by that fire of wood
Fair-hair'd, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe
His figure tall, and straight, and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beam'd;
The Angel with the violin
Painted by Raphael, he seem'd."

And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought.
The joy, the triumph, the lament
The exultation and the pain—
Then by the magic of his art
He soothed the throbbings of his heart
And lulled it into peace again."

We think, however, the most poetical pages of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, are the little poems *Birds of Passage*, as they are called, which remind us of those early sketches of song of Mr. Longfellow's which have found their way to the hearts of the people on both sides of the Atlantic. While, however, we are gossiping about American poets, we feel pleasure in directing attention to a volume presenting a remarkable contrast to Mr. Longfellow's book. We refer to *In War Time, and other Poems*, by J. G. Whittier, a gentleman who, although belonging to the "Society of Friends," in spite of the quiet of Quaker meetings displays some decided military sympathy. We must content ourselves with a single extract, as proof of the spirit and vigour with which the poet assails the monster evil that has culminated in a fratricidal war:

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire:
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.
The hand-breadth cloud the sages fear'd
Its bloody rain is dropping;
The poison plant the farmers spared
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses the earth;
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.
What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?
What points the Rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men of the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?
Hark to the answer: Slavery!
Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen;
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon!
O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry
"Let Slavery die!"
And union find in freedom?
What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going?
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his overthrowing!
What's for the loss
What's for the loss,
What's for the loss,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?
For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hands uphold
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and praise
To stay the Curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven?
In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumph and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But bless the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery for ever!
Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hush'd the breath of sighing,
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labour!

The most noticeable collection of Poems published, we will not say during this month only, but during the year, is the little book before us, issued anonymously, entitled *Songs from Fairyland*. We have no clue as to their author on the title-page, which simply bears the name of the book, and of the publishers, Messrs. Whittaker and Co. We observe, however, that many of the poems are reprinted from *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round*; but these are by no means the best of the contents of this unpretending but unmistakably valuable contribution to our poetic literature. It would be surely an act of injustice to pass over this book with a brief comment upon its excellence, for, if we are not greatly mistaken, in these pages will be recognized the work of a thoughtful, refined, and educated mind, possessing the natural qualifications of the true Poet. We have taken the liberty of extracting, as one of the "Songs for Music" appearing this month in our Magazine, the beautiful poem entitled *Little May*. This, however, is not quoted as the best specimen we can gather from these pages, but as sufficient proof that its author can achieve what no mere rhymester can attempt without ignominious failure—the production of a song fairly entitled by its poetic worth to be committed to memory or wedded to music.

Another, very different, class of versification is a volume entitled *Poems*, by B. H. Farquhar. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row. Mr. Farquhar is the author of a prize-essay, entitled *The Pearl of Days*. The contents of this book are arranged under two heads *Religious Poems* and *Poems for Children*. The former may afford pleasure to those who care for paraphrases of the Scriptures; but we think there is something in the wonderful Poetry of the Bible that defies the laws of regular metre or rhyme—something that breaks through and rises up above them when they are artificially imposed. In reference generally to a paraphrase of the Scriptures, we cannot forget the words of Robert Southey, "When what is true is sacred, whatever may be added to it is so surely known to be false, that it appears profane." The *Poems for Children* contain excellent advice, but we think Mr. Farquhar could more impressively have enunciated his lessons in prose than in verse.

Mr. Bennett publishes a volume entitled *Our British Lakes, Mountains, and Waterfalls*. It is handsomely printed and bound, and an appropriate gift-book for any season. Its title, however, altogether misled us; for instead of a description of the lakes, mountains, and waterfalls of Great Britain, we have only selections from Wordsworth's Poems, descriptive of the lakes, rivers, and mountains of Westmoreland, which that Poet delighted to honour. Messrs. Griffith and Farran add no less than nine volumes to their list of Children's Books, and from Mr. Beeton we have a Christmas Miscellany, which was advertised for many weeks in the same way as *Somebody's Luggage* last year, under the title of the *Kiddle-a-Wink*. We conclude our notes on the books which have been submitted for consideration by a brief notice of a volume, entitled *Life: Its Nature, Varieties and Phenomena*, by Leo H. Grindon. There may be nothing new under the sun, but from facts as old as the universe Mr. Grindon has compiled a volume as instructive as it is entertaining. The author is no mere book-maker, but an accomplished scholar and a profound thinker—a man who writes in a spirit of earnestness, and seems really desirous to impart to others a knowledge of those material facts with which he has stored his own mind by years of deep research and close investigation. Taking *Life* in its most comprehensive range for his theme, he freely dilates upon the laws of Nature, examines the chain of animal and vegetable being—considers the spiritual and intellectual states—treats of existence under its various forms, and without any dogmatic assumption defines, with nice discrimination, the distinction between the material and immaterial worlds. To acquit himself of his task, Mr. Grindon has brought to his aid the knowledge of the man of science, the powers of the poet, and the spirit of the philosopher. Where the facts of science are deep and abstruse, his frequent quotations from the poets render them attractive; and where superstition has clouded the mind with error, he brings the wisdom of philosophy to purify the atmosphere. In accounting for Nature's operations, man must, to a certain extent, be speculative, and it is possible that Mr. Grindon in some of his conclusions may be wrong, and at variance with those who have gone before him; but without subscribing ourselves as implicit believers in his theories, it is only fair to say that he advances nothing but what he has facts to sustain; and in the selection of these facts he gives us not only the weight of his own evidence, but quotations from

high authorities. Evidently Mr. Grindon is a lover of Nature. He views her in all her aspects, and finds as much interest in her microscopic objects as in her gigantic creations. Had he not been a philosopher, he must have been a poet; and it is the continual blending of philosophy with poetry that constitutes the pleasing feature of his volume. The author, in his modesty, disclaims originality, but nevertheless he adds much to the world's knowledge, and what was known before derives a fresh charm from the pleasing manner in which it is narrated. To that large class of the rising generation who are investigating the mysteries and workings of Nature, Mr. Grindon's volume will prove a reliable Christmas present, and will greatly assist them in their inquiries. It would be difficult to select the best extracts, when we might cull highly interesting facts from every page; but the style and comprehensive treatment of his subject will be manifest from the following quotation on the analogy of Light and Music:—

"The eye and the ear, or sight and hearing, are the types and continents of the senses generally. So, in the conveyance by the atmosphere of light and sound, is summed up, representatively, all that it is the function of the Divine life to communicate. For sound, when its tones are agreeable and harmonious, is music, and music is objective or visible nature reiterated in a vocal form,—the audible counterpart of whatever is lovely and perfect to the eye. Hence the wonderful and enchanting variety in the sounds of nature—the dashing of waterfalls, the roar of the sea, the voices of the trees in their different kinds, each intoning to the wind in a new mode, together with the multitudinous diversities of utterance proper to the animate part of creation—are not mere accidental results of physical conformation, nor are they meaningless or arbitrary gifts. Every one of them is inseparably identified with the object that utters it, because of an original and immutable agreement in quality. Music, in its essential nature, is an expression of the Creator as truly as his objective works. Expressed in forms, the air presents him to the eye,—the organ pre-eminently of the intellect: expressed in sounds, it presents him to the ear,—the organ sacred to the affections. When we listen to a beautiful melody or 'AIR,' it is surveying a charming and varied landscape, vivid with life, only addressed to another sense,—heard instead of seen. It is not only a sublime fact that God thus doubly places himself before us,—it is a necessary result of his very nature; for music stirs the soul so deeply because of its primitive relation to his goodness, and thus to everything connected with our emotional life; objective nature, on the other hand, so largely delights the intellect (having only a secondary influence on the heart), because it is fashioned after the ideas of his wisdom. Each, moreover, assumes its loveliest when the other is in company, because in Him their prototypes are married. Never is nature so beautiful as when we view it in the hearing of true music; in no place does music sound so sweet as amid her responsive and tranquil retreats."

MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS.—A volume has just appeared of the correspondence of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, from 1833 to 1847, forming a sequel to a former edition of Mendelssohn's letters, which comprised, however, only a period of his youth. The present collection commences from the termination of the last volume, and continues down to a few days before his death. They are edited by Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy of Berlin, and Dr. Carl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy of Heidelberg, and translated by Lady Wallace, and are selected more with reference to the many events of importance to the musical world in which Mendelssohn took an active part, than for setting before the public a picture of the happiness he enjoyed in his domestic life. The letters of his father, mother, sister, and brother, however, contain expressions of the most devoted love and good feeling, and his true character shines forth in the whole of his correspondence as one of the purest and noblest specimens of humanity; during the whole of his varied life and high vocation, amiability and affection apparently for all mankind are the most noticeable characteristics. There is one letter to Mendelssohn from his father which will certainly be read with interest, as it throws such a clear light on the intellectual understanding between father and son. In answer to a letter from his father, who purposes being present at the Cologne Musical Festival, which his son conducted, Mendelssohn writes:—"You must be well aware that your presence at the music festival would not only be no *gêne* to me, but, on the contrary, would cause me to take this opportunity to say to you, that the approbation and enjoyment of the public, to which I am certainly very sensible, only causes me real satisfaction when I can write to tell you of it, because I know it rejoices you; and one word of praise from you is more truly precious to me and makes me happier than all the public in the world applauding me in concert: and thus to see you among the audience would be the dearest of all rewards to me for my labours." He writes repeatedly to his sisters for their advice or opinion of his compositions; and there is an amusing letter to one of them, just before her journey to Italy, in which he notes down from his diaries the many places he should like her to visit when there. In conclusion, he observes: "Never get overheated, and never fly into a passion; and never be so delighted as to agitate yourself. Be wonderfully haughty and arrogant; all the beauty is there for you only. Eat as a salad brocoli with ham, and write to me if it is not capital. So far my good advice." In a letter from London to his mother he tells her of his enthusiastic reception: "Lately, when playing the organ in Christ Church, Newgate-Street, I almost thought, for a few moments, I must have been suffocated, so great was the crowd and pressure round my seat at the organ; and two days after, I played in Exeter Hall before three thousand people, who shouted hurrahs and waved their handkerchiefs and stamped with their feet till the hall resounded with the uproar. Add to this, the pretty, and most charming Queen Victoria, who looks so youthful, and is so gently courteous and gracious, who

speaks such good German, and who knows all my music so well; the four books of 'Songs without Words,' and those with words, and the Symphony, and the 'Hymn of Praise.' Yesterday evening I was sent for by the Queen, who was almost alone with Prince Albert, who seated herself near the piano and made me play to her; first, seven of the 'Songs without Words,' then the serenade, two impromptus on 'Rule Britannia,' Lützow's 'Wilde Jagd' and 'Gaudeamus igitur.' The latter was somewhat difficult, but remonstrance was out of the question; and as they gave the themes, of course it was my duty to play them. Lately I went to a concert at Exeter Hall where I had nothing whatever to do, and was sauntering in quite coolly with Klingemann, in the middle of the first part, and an audience of about three thousand present; when, just as I came in at the door, such a clamour and clapping, and shouting, and standing up ensued, that I had no idea at first that I was concerned in it; but I discovered it was so. On reaching my place, I found Sir Robert Peel and Lord Wharfedale close to me, who continued to applaud with the rest, till I made my bow and thanked them. I was immensely proud of my popularity in Peel's presence. When I left the concert, they gave me another cheer." There is a great deal of correspondence necessarily devoted to Mendelssohn's appointment at Berlin; and musical gossip, which will be read with delight by many. There is an admirable trait in this great man's character, which seldom, unfortunately, holds a place in those of professors of any art—that is, his true sympathy with and encouragement of any one who possessed the slightest talent or love for music, and the utter absence of any sort of rivalry or jealousy for a successful member of his profession. On this subject he expresses himself thus in a letter to a friend in London:—"On the occasion of Clara Novello's concert a vast amount of rivalry and bad artistic feeling was brought to the light of day, which I neither wish to exist by day or by night, nor, indeed, in the world at all. In fact, when really good musicians condescend to deprecate each other, to be malicious, and to sting in secret, I would sooner renounce music altogether—or, rather, I should say, musicians; it is such petty, tinkering work, and yet it seems to be the fashion. Formerly I thought it was so only with bunglers, but I see it is the same with all. A straightforward character alone is a protection against such an example, and a straightforward fellow who despises it. Yet this serves to endear goodness to us still more, and we rejoice doubly in the contrast, and in good art, and in good artists, and thus the world is by no means so bad after all."

Musical Notes and Notices.

THE Season has produced few novelties in the way of musical compositions. We have looked over the pages of the different albums of vocal and dance music, advertised with so much pertinacity by the publishers as "worthy gift-books for Christmas-tide," but we cannot commend any of them as possessing either intrinsic merit, or more than the slightest ephemeral interest. Of works, however, which have reached us, Drawing-room songs and Pianoforte pieces form the principle portion; but as part singing is becoming so general in private circles, we should have been glad to have had an opportunity of pointing attention, or awakening curiosity, in this department of composition. Of the Pianoforte music before us, we are however enabled to speak highly of two contributions from Madame Oury, *Les Fleurs d'Ecossais*, which is an arrangement of two of the less hackneyed Scotch airs; and a piece which we venture to predict will become a favourite with pianoforte players. We wish Madame Oury had given the melody of *Adeste Fideles* as it is usually sung. If composers borrow well-known airs, upon which to construct fantasias, we think they should bind themselves strictly to the melodies they select, however much they may elaborate the harmonies and the arrangement; the melody does not belong to the transcriber, but should be a faithful quotation; as long as the time remains the same, the treatment may be unlimited. Madame Oury's skill in treatment is so well-known, that it is sufficient for us to say, that these two pieces will deservedly maintain her present reputation for clever and musician-like arrangements. The title of *Cloches et Clochettes, Etude Mazurka brillante, par Lucien Lambert* is sufficiently explanatory in itself. Bells of all sounds, from Big Ben to our friend the Muffin-boy (and including everything between), are heard through a simple melody, though rather more harmoniously knit together than the clang of bells heard in practical life. The title of *Warbling Birds, Petits Oiseaux*, by the same composer, is not so explanatory. It is difficult to discover in which part of this piece the auditors are supposed to recognize the resemblance between the music and the familiar sounds suggested by the title. It consists of a slight and pretty melody, first played through simply, and afterwards in repeated notes, after the fashion of the old Ghost melody in the Corsican Brothers. M. Lambert has also brought out the *Jupiter Polka*. It is very brilliant and effective, and when played with spirit, will do its work well at this season of the year, when good and fresh dance music is so very acceptable. The arrangement of *The Blue Bells of Scotland*, by Lavina E. Hawley, though not profound, is sufficiently intricate to please those who favour variations of popular melodies. Mr. Crashaw Johnson also provides the public with a *Galop de Salon* and an *Italian Serenade*: the former is decidedly good of its kind, the

accent is well marked by the air, and it is sufficiently varied to prevent its becoming tedious; and, doubtless, before long *La Fascination Galop* will fascinate the feet as well as the ears of many dancers. Why *Beatrice, Italian Serenade*, is so called, we know not; the peculiar Italian element in it is not easily discernible: a great deal more can be said for the arrangement and complicated variations, than for the air which forms the theme of Mr. Crashaw Johnson's inspiration. The air is decidedly commonplace, but not so the arrangement, which has the additional charm of being sufficiently difficult to attract the attention of many players, who esteem a musical composition according to the difficulty it presents, quite as much as they do for any intrinsic merit it may possess. One of the variations in *Beatrice* will afford good practice for the left hand.

Some few years ago, there was a professor of languages in London, who offered to teach any one German in three lessons. We have heard, recently, of a professor of Music who performs almost greater wonders. M. Joseph Kremer announces a new way of learning the Theory and Composition of Music. He tells us that "There is scarcely anything simpler than the art of composition," and that his method is so simple that a child of eight years of age may soon learn to compose. If the compositions of M. Kremer are made on the plan he proposes to teach to others, they augur well for his success. Whether he is able to impart his knowledge as comprehensively and rapidly as he imagines, we know not; but we perceive that M. Kremer himself possesses an accurate knowledge of Music combined with very melodious conceptions. *Les Chants des Alpes* form a very pretty set of Valses; the melodies are nicely constructed, and the harmonies sufficiently varied. All the above mentioned music is published by the Messrs. Metzler and Co.

The Alexandra March, by W. H. Adams, (Addison and Lucas) is lively and full of time, particularly in the second part, where the accent is well marked, as is so necessary in marches. *The Danish National Hymn*, which has lately become so familiar to our ears, is introduced; this will diminish from the worth of the piece, in the eyes of Englishmen and especially of English ladies.

Pianoforte music that is good, and not merely ephemeral, is very rare. The construction of most of the pianoforte music of the present day is extremely slight; it requires no very great genius or skill to add elaborate running passages, and very full chords to a popular air, or to a common-place melody, transposed into an out-of-the-way key, with an alarming number of sharps or flats at the signature, and as a necessary consequence frequent accidentals. *Airs with variations* was the popular style of music of our immediate predecessors in art: Beethoven and Mendelssohn both condescended to write in this form: in the present day variations without *Airs* are too much in vogue with composers, teachers, and players. It is therefore refreshing to come upon a charming little composition, by Albert Lowe, called *Pensée Poétique* (Ewer and Co.), which is not written in the style we have deprecated. Without any pretence whatever, unambitious, and written in an ordinary key, it is easy to play, as far as regards the mechanical part of playing; and when played with feeling and good expression, is very pleasing and effective. The modulations, from the key of E to A flat, and back again, are easily managed. We have great pleasure in commending such music as this to our readers.

We have before us two superior songs from the pen of Mr. Henry Smart, *By the Blue Sea*, words by F. Enoch; and *When we were sitting side by side*, words by W. H. Bellamy (Metzler and Co.). Mr. H. Smart is too successful a part writer, not to give us good accompaniments. In the songs before us he has not disappointed us. The former song—for a contralto voice—especially delights, in the harmonies employed in the accompaniment. The words are somewhat ambiguous, and, in the second verse, ill accord with the musical phrases. We cannot understand the line, "Hopes freight with joy came to me," The second song is of the regular ballad type.

I have been with the Rose (Metzler), is an exceedingly pretty, lively song, in waltz time, from the prolific pen of Mr. Balfe. This eminent composer writes a great deal too much, and too often, to meet with constant success; but we are glad to say, that this song is one of his happier efforts, and, as far as we can remember, it does not exactly resemble any of his other compositions. The fairy-like music is well adapted to the words by W. H. Bellamy.

We have only just room to mention three songs by Mr. E. Southwell, words by D. G. Berri. *The Hawthorn-Tree*, *As the Bark glides o'er the Rolling Sea*, and *I dream of thee in the Silent Night*. These songs call for no special comment, as far as either words or music are concerned, for both the one and the other are below the average; and so far are suited to each other. The first of the three named belongs to the Christy Minstrel type of song. If good music is scarce, good words for music is scarcer still; we hope the time is not far distant, when composers will exercise more discrimination in their selections, and learn the risk they run of marring good and careful compositions by contact with counterfeit poetry. A *Garland of Songs* from Messrs. Aylott and Son, and the *Parochial Church Tune Book*, by Mr. Redhead, with many other pieces forwarded too late for notice this month, must stand over for future consideration.

MUSICAL EVENTS.—Musically speaking, no month can be said to have been a dull one that has witnessed four great performances of the *Messiah*, and those on a scale worthy of Handel's marvellous inspiration. A simple statement of this fact speaks, volumes, not only for the

composer of this incomparable oratorio, but for the inexhaustible resources of London. The first so-called Christmas performance was given by the National Choral Society to an immense audience in Exeter Hall. The solos were admirably sung; and many of the choruses steadily delivered; but we cannot give Mr. Martin the credit of possessing that conscious influence over his orchestra, which is a characteristic of Mr. Costa, and has been the secret of his success in raising the Sacred Harmonic Society, over which he presides, to the highest elevation attained by any Musical Society, either of Great Britain, or the world. This was particularly noticeable when comparing the Christmas performances of the two Societies; but the performance of the *Messiah* this year, by both Societies, will be chiefly remembered for the energy displayed by Mr. Sims Reeves, that inspired a never-to-be-forgotten enthusiasm, which must have delighted even the great tenor himself, accustomed as he is to popular applause. The last performance of this seasonable oratorio, was in a place presenting a considerable contrast to Exeter Hall, viz. at *Her Majesty's Theatre*, affording a favorable opportunity to those whose scruples keep them from operatic and theatrical representations, to see this fine Opera House, and to hear the incomparable Titians. We can only say of this Christmas Eve recital, that it was the most seasonable musical event of the year, recalling, as it could not fail to have done, the sweetest memories of the wonders of that night, when the bright star shone over Bethlehem, and the shepherds listened to the songs of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will towards men!"

In the limited space at our disposal, we can only notice that the past month has been musically interesting, not only on account of these great sacred performances, but for the production and continued representation of Mr. Balfe's opera, *Blanche de Nevers*, the successful repetition nightly of Mr. German Reed's *Opera di Camera*, and such magnificent Concerts as those known as the "Monday Popular" given at St. James' Hall, and also the first of the series of Mr. Leslie's Choir. We cannot, however, dismiss the latter without a word of comment, since this Choir has become quite one of the institutions of London.

We regret to see that Mr. Leslie, in his prospectus, lays so much stress upon soloists whom he has engaged for the series; not that they are too eminent, but too numerous. This was shown at the first concert, where the greatest proportion of applause and attention was paid to the superb violin-playing of M. Lötto. It seems to us that the choral music should be the feature of these concerts, and not occupy a secondary position in the programme. Solos should be introduced sparingly, as they are at the Philharmonic and Monday Popular Concerts, to make a pleasing variety, and also to rest the members of the choir. Mr. Leslie should remember that he has succeeded in getting together a choir that is unrivalled for finish and delicacy of madrigal and other part-singing, and that the more they are heard the more will they be appreciated. If the reply to this be, that it is impossible to rehearse more part music, without sacrificing some of the precision and finish of the singing, let him remember further, that the public—at any rate the musical public—will hear with pleasure the same madrigal or part-song at several concerts. To analyse the programme of the first concert more closely, it will be found that there are only eight choral pieces to seven solos and duets; and that, out of eight choral pieces, five were performed for the first time. For the way in which the members of the choir acquitted themselves they deserve a larger share of the programme.

Of musical performances brought to a close, are Jullien's Promenade Concerts. They appear to have attracted a large number of people, but we cannot regret their being discontinued—and for this reason, that we consider it an abrogation of everything like good taste, to associate, as was done in many of the programmes, such combinations as Mozart's Symphony in E flat, Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor, with the *British Army Quadrille*. These Concerts were brought to a characteristic termination by a *Bal d'Opera*.

THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.—John Faust, or Faust, a goldsmith of Mentz, was one of the three artists considered as the inventor of printing. It is not certain that he did more than supply money for carrying on the concern in 1462. Faust carried a number of Bibles to Paris, which he and his partner, Schoffer, had printed, and disposed of them as manuscripts. At this time the discovery of the art was not known in France. At first he sold them at the high price of 500 or 600 crowns, the sum usually obtained by the scribes; he afterwards lowered the price to 60 crowns, which created universal astonishment; but when he produced them according to the demand, and even reduced the price to 30, all Paris became agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased their wonder; the Parisians considered it a task beyond human invention; informations were given to the police against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched; a great number of Bibles were found and seized; the red ink with which they were embellished was said to be his blood; it was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil; whereupon he was cast in prison and would most probably have shared the fate of those whom ignorant and superstitious judges condemned in those days for witchcraft. He now found it necessary, in order to gain his liberty, to make known the discovery of the art. This circumstance gave rise to the tradition of "The Devil and Faustus," as it is narrated at the present time.

Art Notes and Notices.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION of Cabinet Pictures by British Artists at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall, continues to attract many visitors. As a means of encouraging competition two prizes of £100 and £50 respectively are to be awarded to exhibitors this year, for the best figure picture and the best landscape. Three of the judges are to be members of the Royal Academy. Of the pictures which are most worthy attention is "The Country Auction," by Mr. J. Morgan, and the whimsical expressions on the countenances of the honest rustics, upon whom the provincial Robins is strewing the flowers of his exuberant eloquence, receives the special commendation of two or three correspondents. * Mr. E. M. Ward's picture "Charlotte Corday contemplating her Portrait prior to her Execution," is well and carefully painted; and "Going to the Drawing-room," by Mr. J. Hayllar, is a subject appropriately chosen for the development of this artist's peculiar talent. Mr. Carrick's effectively-painted "Nightly Cares," exhibited at the Royal Academy, finds a place here, as also does the painting by Mr. Gallick, "Peter went out and wept bitterly." A painting by T. H. Calderon, illustrative of Johnson's verse, commencing, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," elicits warm expressions of approval from a correspondent, who also directs our attention to "Of course she said 'Yes!'" by Miss Osborne: both works well deserve notice, but they will scarcely bear comparison with Mr. Dicksee's painfully pathetic "Juliet," with the delicate tenderness of whose expression, says the same writer, "even the charming Stella Colas could not successfully compete." The attitude of the prominent figure, standing in the proscribed balcony, and lifting her eyes to Heaven, while pronouncing Shakspeare's passionate invocation, "Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo!" is remarkably striking and impressive. Mr. Morgan's admirable picture, "The Country Jury," is already so well known that description would be unnecessary; but in justice we cannot withhold a correspondent's observation, "Since leaving the Exhibition I cannot get the 'Country Jury' out of mind—the lively and life-like expression of its members, as though they had just been bewildered by the jesuitical oratory of the counsel for the defence, is wonderfully portrayed." A small sketch of the lamented Augustus Egg, "The Opera Box," is well worth examining, and among the 200 pictures which comprise this Exhibition will be found several works which justify our pronouncing this one of the most interesting exhibitions open at this season.

THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.—The second Winter Exhibition of sketches and studies by the members of the Old Water-Colour Society, honestly deserves a visit. The names which present themselves to our memory, as we enter the room of the Society, are those of William Hunt, Frederick Burton, and John Gilbert. Probably the first of this talented trio is the greatest colorist now alive in England, and certainly the studies of Gilbert and Burton deserve to be ranked among the first of modern productions. But the claims of these artists are so well known and appreciated, that it lies more in our province to direct the attention of our readers to some of the minor sketches exhibited. There is, of course, the usual number which are not studies, and some which have evidently been drawn merely to exhibit and to sell. Among those which possess real merit, in our opinion, are "A Study in Knowle Park," by Mr. George Dodgson, which imparts a warm and cheerful glow to the spectator, from mere sympathy with the sunny subjects; "A Week at St. Leonard's, Hastings," by Mr. W. C. Smith, which is very truthfully executed; and the "Study of a Ruined Mill," from the pencil of Mr. Branwhite. Many others could be named, but these are the most prominent. There are no less than 384 frames in the rooms; and as many of these contain more than one subject, the collection is necessarily very extensive.

MR. FLATOW'S COLLECTION.—A small but valuable collection of Paintings has been opened by Mr. L. V. Flatow, the eminent connoisseur, at the Gallery, 11, Haymarket. It contains specimens by twenty R.A.'s, including Frith, Philipps, Elmore, Creswick, Augustus Egg, Pickersgill, Ward, Fild, &c. &c., and among the other exhibitors, such names as Marcus Stone, Burr, Muller, and Linnell, figure. The finest painting in the room is undoubtedly T. Fild's "Reading the Bible." It is broadly and effectively painted, and in its evident moral lies the illustration of the Scriptural maxim "Better is a poor and a wise child, than an old and foolish king." Many of the paintings in Mr. Flatow's collection have been exhibited before, and with the principal characteristics of the chief of them the public are already acquainted. "Gathering Water Lilies," by Mr. Marcus Stone, is very fresh and pleasing, and the figures are prettily arranged. This young artist has also assisted Mr. Creswick in grouping some of the figures which appear in his paintings. A little gem of Mr. Frith's, "The Artist's Studio," is the only painting of his in the collection, but is well worthy, in itself, of a visit. "News from Australia," by Mr. Nicol, is a subject which is almost used up, but still it is here cleverly represented. "Comin' thro' the Rye," by Mr. John Phillips, is prettily painted. Several of the principal paintings were executed specially for Mr. Flatow, and consequently have not been before exhibited.

*The "notes" of E. F. D. (Portico) and G. D. P. (Bayswater) would have been quoted, but for want of space. The Editor will be glad to receive similar criticisms on works of art.

Paris Sights and Sounds.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE *Life of Julius Caesar* by the Emperor Louis Napoleon, is a title which will attract a large number of readers for various reasons. The life of one Emperor by another is, I think unique, in literature, and the fact of the deeds of the conqueror of Gaul, and of the world of his epoch, being related and commented on by the master of the legions of modern Gaul, will add greatly to the interest. It is known that a large number of scientific and literary men have been employed by Louis Napoleon in collecting facts and throwing the matter into form, amongst whom may be mentioned M. Renan, the author of the *Vie de Jésus*, the Emperor himself superintending, if not actually compiling the work, and for the illustration of which his Majesty has collected an extensive and most valuable museum of Roman and Gallo-Roman antiquities, of which I have perused a descriptive catalogue, compiled by the Emperor himself, and printed for private circulation only. Of course, the appearance of this work is looked forward to with special interest by the booksellers, who expect to reap a considerable harvest from it. It was reported that the whole was in the press some time since, but this appears to be an error. The work is to consist of four volumes, and only two of these are yet in type, and it is said that certain new documents have been brought to light by a captain of engineers in the French army, and that the Emperor is now occupying his leisure, which cannot be very great, in recasting the volumes for at least the sixth or seventh time; so that the public impatience must last a little longer.

M. Henri de Pène, who is one of the smartest miscellaneous writers in France, and who will be specially remembered in connection with the attack made upon him by a number of young officers in the army, and the consequent duel which all but cost him his life, is about to launch into the regions of romance. Heretofore he has caught the living manners as they rose, and embalmed them in the feuilletons of *La France* and other journals; he now retires for a time from that occupation to try his hand on a larger canvas, and announces that he is engaged on a work in the form of a novel, which is to deal largely with contemporary life and society, and which from his title, *Les Princesses de Passage* will evidently embrace principally the fairer portion of creation. M. de Pène possesses many requisites of success in such an undertaking, and his work will be looked forward to with considerable interest, and form a complement, as it were, to a very popular book entitled *Le Pardon de Tortoni*, which deals with male celebrities as they pass, mentally, before the author standing on the steps of that famous establishment for coffee, ices, and scandal.

The mention of the duel of M. de Pène and the officers reminds me that M. Adrien Marx, another literary man, and M. Laroche, an actor of the Vaudeville, crossed swords the other day; but the affair ended, fortunately, in the former being very slightly wounded in the arm. If the Parisians possessed half the appreciation of the ridiculous that they imagine they do, this wretched phantasm of false chivalry would have been laughed away long since by the Cervantes of the Parisian press. But the light brigades of the French army of penmen move in the most restricted of circles: their talent is unquestionable; they can gild the merest common place so as to satisfy all but the most fastidious eye; they can construct a glittering temple out of nothing, and sing the praises of their own handiwork; they can write for ever and a day amusingly, about what they know, what they do not know, and what they imagine; but they cannot get out of their amusing track, they are tethered like a mill horse in a circle of which the centre is somewhere on the Boulevard des Italiens. Their charming ignorance, with the exception of what they learned at school and college, of all beyond that circle is a marvel. M. Théophile Gautier, one of the captains of the brigade, in writing a notice of a new piece called *Le Diable Noir*, in the *Moniteur* of the 30th of November, complains of the title, and with reason, as being without metaphorical signification, and gives the following extraordinary proof of his acquaintance with English:—

"We know (he says) the Blue Devils, an English expression signifying the butterflies of fancy, or rather phantasy (*papillons du caprice*)." How surprised he would be were he told that the Blue Devils meant nothing more, or less, than the English spleen about which his countrymen and countrywomen are incessantly talking, and from which they are constantly suffering!

One of the expected novelties in the literary way is a new volume by Victor Hugo, but which will not bear his name; the title will probably be *Shakspeare*. It is said that the publishers, Messieurs Pagnerre, of Paris, and Lacroix and Co., of Brussels, pay the author sixty pounds a sheet, or about two thousand pounds for a small volume! While speaking of the author of *Les Misérables*, I may mention that a remarkable little book has recently appeared giving the life of "Victor Hugo at Home," by a visitor, illustrated by twelve charming etchings, by M. Maxime Lalame, including views of Saint-Peterport the capital of Guernsey, of Hauteville House the residence of the poet, of the interiors of several of the rooms, and lastly, a sketch of Victor Hugo himself in his garden.

The musicians are in full force at the present moment, and every temple devoted to Euterpe is vibrating from foundation to pinnacle—or lightning-conductor. Madame La Grange has been one of the stars of the Italiens, and has had a great success in "Norma" and other parts.

During the last fortnight she has been playing "Leonora" in *Il Trovatore* with Madame Mérie Lablache, who has just returned from a long sojourn in Italy and Spain; Fraschini, too, has made a great hit in the last-named opera. On the first night of the appearance of these three artists they received a veritable ovation.

Madame Talse, a new soprano, made her debut the other evening at the opera in the French version of *La Favorite*, but M. Faure carried off all the honours of the evening.

At the Théâtre Lyrique the performance of *Les Troyens*, words as well as music by Berlioz, has produced a sensation in the musical world only second to that created by the presentation of M. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. M. Berlioz's productions are known to belong to the æsthetic school, or as the French dub it, after a mot of Rossini, *la musique de l'avenir*. Like Wagner, he condemns unsparingly the style of the day, not excepting that of *Tannhäuser*; and like all true or pretended prophets, he has hosts of enemies, and a few ardent admirers. Neither Wagner nor Berlioz, however, have the luck, while they escape the ingratitude and impolicy of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, having charmed all Paris and earned at one stroke the highest honours, told the critics and the public that they knew nothing whatever of the subject about which they made so much noise.

Having introduced the name of Wagner, I may mention a report that he was offered the baton of the orchestra of Callsruhe, but his conditions were so exorbitant that the proposal fell to the ground; he asked an annuity of about six hundred pounds, apartments in the Ducal Palace, a box at the Theatre, a carriage, and an engagement that his new opera of *Tristan* should be performed within a given period. M. Wagner is said to write music for the future only, but his providence embraces the present as well as the time to come.

Mario and the sisters Marchisio are expected here shortly from Madrid, to appear at the Italiens; and Fraschini, Madame La Grange, and Madame Lablache or Madame Borghi Mamo, take their places in the former capital. The first concert of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts took place a few days since: these, like the highly successful concerts given under the superintendence of M. Pasdeloup, the conductor of the orchestra of the Conservatoire Impérial de Musique, admit only classical music; but, unlike the latter, they are not exclusive. Musard and another well-known conductor are now engaged in organizing two other series of public concerts, which will be of a popular character, similar to the promenade concerts of London; but I hear of no scheme which at once embraces the high character and the popular basis of the entertainments so admirably conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon at Covent Garden.

The theatres are also, of course, in full action just now, and most of them have been successful with their new pieces. The drama of M. Auguste Vacquerie, *Jean Baudry*, is being played four nights a week at the Français. The plot has a curious resemblance in some respects to portions of *Les Misérables*, and it can hardly be said that the play exhibits much novelty or delicacy in construction; but M. Vacquerie writes forcibly and elegantly, and the principal character is inimitably played by Regnier, who is said to have declared it to be the best he ever created; but the critics do not quite endorse that opinion.

At the Gymnase, a new comedy by M. Octave Feuillet, of the Academy, is attracting nightly crowds. It is a drama of private life from a thoroughly French point of view, and bears the simple title of *Montjoie*. Its success is due in a great measure to the admirable actor Lafont, who, by the way, is shortly to appear at the Français. It has been travestied, after the usual fashion, at the Variétés, and the authors of the parody have made a hit in their title *Mon Jote fait Peur* thus at one stroke enclosing in the amber of their humour the *Montjoie* of M. Feuillet and the charming *Jo Jote fait Peur* of the late Madame Girardin. There is a talk of *Macbeth* being reproduced at the Odéon, the Français of the Quartier Latin, a large number of students having, we are told, memorialized the manager to that effect. I should not like to be illuolated, but it is just possible that this notice may partake slightly of the nature of a puff. The famous Frederick Lemaître, the renowned "Robert Macaire" and "Don César de Bazan," took leave of the stage the other day, and is now in due course announced to appear shortly in a new character in a piece entitled the Queen's fool; by an author whose name is at present kept secret. The queerest announcement in connection with the theatrical world, is that M. Sardou is writing a play to be called *The Spirits*, to be produced at the Vaudeville next year; it is hard to conceive how he will handle the subject, for that gentleman is such a determined spiritualist that it is said his familiar demons rustle in his hair as he walks along. A serious ghost play, not melodramatic, will be a new sensation. *Après* of theatres and their accessories, civilization is not standing still; the celebrated dramatic author and confectioner Siraudin, of the Rue de la Paix, announces that he has taken pity upon the fair ladies who condescend to amuse themselves with a few exquisite sweetmeats while the curtain is down, and offers them the means of indulging their taste in an elegant manner without suffering from the evils arising from such luscious delicacies. He informs the "beau monde" that they have only to let him know the numbers of their boxes at any theatre, and at a given hour one of his Ganymedes will attend with a casket of iced fruits of the most exquisite and refreshing description. Another step in the ladder of progress is the growing habit of

supping after the theatres. One restaurant is becoming famous for its lobster salads, another for its scalloped oysters, and a third—name it not within a mile of Old Drury—for cabbage soup, at midnight.

A startling innovation is announced as likely to be made under the patronage of Madame Walewski and other leaders in fashionable society, namely, the abolition or partial remission of black coats for the gentlemen, in favour of green, blue, plum, claret, chocolate, and other less sombre colours, and the introduction of greater variety in male costume generally.

Weep Cockneys! Weep! cover your heads with ashes! Mabelle is doomed. The band will soon play its last note, twinkling feet will soon tread the last mazy round, the gas will be turned off, the demolishers will enter with pick and shovel, and the glories of old Mabelle will cease for evermore; a boulevard will trample on its remains! But there is consolation to come; a new Mabelle is to arise, more fairylike, more enchanting, perhaps as moral, as the old one, and the number of the temples of Terpsichore will not be diminished in the Imperial city.

London Sights and Sounds.

The "sights and sounds" of the past month, have been unusually varied and exciting. With the dawn of its first days, a consciousness of coming Christmas was awakened by the preliminary sounds which usher in the festive season—sounds, which however musical, can scarcely be said to be sweet to other than the agricultural ear, though the sight of the "beever" and "muttons" at the Great Annual Cattle Show may well be suggestive of cheerful thoughts—cheerful, that is to say, as to their conclusions, for the animals as they appeared at Islington were not such lively objects as to excite the imagination. The truth is, the force of fatness could no farther go, and the mind becomes oppressed with the continual recurrence to animal gratification as a topic for obese meditation. With such "sights and sounds" we naturally are soon surfeited; and others, which meet the eye and fall upon the ear, are scarcely more attractive, although affording amusement to two very different classes of people. We refer to the two great fights; the one for the "championship of England," the other for the vindication of anonymous journalism. To the details of the first, we need not refer: are they not chronicled in all the newspapers of the period, providing ample evidence to endorse the healthy popular sentiment against such useless and brutalizing exhibitions. The "sounds" of the last battle are, however, still ringing in our ears, and diverting enough they have proved to those who watch with interest the development of the power of the Fourth Estate. The letters of Mr. Cobden, and of the editor of the *Times*, have been read with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure by the British public—of pain, because it had given Mr. Cobden credit for greater self-possession than such a display of hasty temper—of pleasure, to see with what dignity when called upon so to do, the Press can vindicate its own rights and character. Mr. Cobden's avowed predilection for American institutions naturally suggests a farther analogy between the two great fights, and America, in the person of her two champions, Cobden and Heenan, has most decidedly "had the worst of it." To most of our readers, doubtless, "the sights and sounds" to which reference has been made, are full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The grand representations of *Messiah*, by the Sacred Harmonic Societies have been more to their taste; and these Christmas performances have brought to mind the characteristic festivities of the season. To speak of all the "Sights and Sounds" of a London Christmas-tide, would exceed our limits, and even a notice of some of the principal places open to the public will more resemble a "bill of fare" than an actual discussion of the viands. The truth is, that almost all those who live to amuse, and amuse to live, regard Christmas as their great annual campaign, and at this time of year places which have long been closed and silent open their doors with new decorations, and fresh attractions, and are tolerably certain of securing some sort of audience among the crowd of holiday makers. Opera and the drama become secondary objects of interest. Everything is giving way to Pantomime. Mr. Phelps, in *Manfred*, at Drury Lane Theatre, Miss Bateman as *Leah* at the Adelphi, and Mr. Fechter at the Lyceum, each and all have succeeded, during the usually dull nights preceeding the inauguration of Harlequin and Columbine, to draw unusually crowded houses. Boxing night, however, with all its noisy demonstration is inevitable, and at Drury Lane the "sights and sounds" which accompany the soliloquies of *Manfred* have given place to other entertainments. The pantomime at the theatre is founded on *Sindbad the Sailor*, which the author (Mr. E. L. Blanchard) has illustrated in a novel fashion. At the Great Pyramid, Chooops, and the mummies resuscitated with him, baffle the progress of mortals. Young England, anxious to pursue his discoveries, confronts the Sphinx, who tries to disconcert him with the most unsolvable conundrums, while Memnon works upon him with his musical spells. Both fail to divert Young England from his purpose, and he reaches the source of the Nile, becomes possessed of the long-hidden secret, which gives him a command over the mysteries of Oriental lore, and so gains the favour of the Spirit of the Nile that the whole of the Peris of the East are invited to revisit the mountains of the moon, and reveal the exhaustless treasures of the Thousand and One Nights.

The scenic effects are of the most elaborate description, and speak volumes for the ingenuity of Mr. Beverly, and the ample funds at the disposal of the enterprising lessees. At COVENT GARDEN, opera of course is entirely superseded *pro tem*. The crowded gallery and pit scarcely attempt to conceal the object of their visit, and their impatience while the first act of the *Bohemian Girl* is being performed is manifest until the curtain is raised and the Pantomime of St. George and the Dragon fairly introduced. Mr. H. J. Byron, has adhered pretty closely to the original story; he has added to the dramatic interest by making the terrible Dragon no longer terrible, but an agreeable scoundrel. We are introduced to the story at the supposed period of the release of Seven Champions from the spells of Kalyba the enchantress, and then follow St. George and his servant Kickeraboo to Egypt, where the King Ritollolowry is endeavouring to make up a match between the Prince of Ethiopia and the Princess Sabra. The Dragon, however, carries her off, and St. George follows to her rescue. The last scene deals forth retributive justice, the Dragon being killed, the Princess rescued, the Ethiopian lover sent to the rightabout, and St. George rewarded by the hand of beauty. The transformation scene by Mr. Grieve is remarkably effective.

At the HAYMARKET Mr. Sothorn re-appears in his inimitable character of *Lord Dundreary*.

Mr. William Brough supplies the Christmas extravaganza to this establishment, entitled "King Arthur; or, the Days and Knights of the Round Table." Britain being without a native-born king, Merlin works certain spells by which the rightful occupants of the throne may be discovered. He has caused a naked sword to be embedded in a block of stone, which none but the rightful king can remove. Vivien, a young lady anxious to acquire a magical education, is detected watching him. Merlin is angry, but his would-be pupil coaxes him to let her witness the results of his spell. The various claimants to the throne try in vain to remove the sword, until Arthur, who has been brought up in obscurity, finding his supposed brother, the braggart knight Sir Key, has left his own sword at home, draws the magic sword with ease and hands it to Sir Key, who immediately claims the crown. His imposture is, however, detected, and Arthur is declared king. Meanwhile, the enchantress Morgan forms a compact with Cheldric, a Saxon invader, to make Arthur succumb to magic. Vivien, however, overhears the plot, which she reveals to Merlin. They purpose tempting Arthur by terror and by blandishments. So Arthur is led away into the enchanted forest, leaving his destined bride, Guinevere, in the care of Sir Key, but Cheldric enters and carries her off a prisoner. Sir Launcelot resolved to save her; but as slander has linked her name with his, he disguises himself in Sir Key's armour, Sir Key in exchange assuming his. Turquine has a grudge against Launcelot, who, however, returns and defeats Turquine, and still pretending to be Sir Key makes the vanquished knight pledge his word to do suit and service to Sir Key's device whenever called upon. While Arthur is being assailed by all the powers of witchcraft, and when it is most essential that Merlin should watch over him, it happens that Vivien has coaxed the old enchanter into telling her a spell by which folks can be shut up in solid rocks or trees. She tries it on Merlin himself, and the wizard is enclosed in the trunk of a tree, while Vivien knows no counter-charm to release him. Arthur, left thus without Merlin's aid, trusts to his own courage in rescuing his lady-love. On reaching the castle where she is, however, he finds all courage is in vain to save her while Morgan's enchanted flag floats over her prison. Turquine guards the magic flag. All Arthur's entreaties are useless. But Turquine believes he has once been defeated by Sir Key; so when the latter appears, and calls upon him to fulfil his promise, and remove the flag, the spell is dissolved, Arthur triumphs, and Merlin is set free.

At the ADELPHI, *Leah* will continue to attract, in spite of pantomime or burlesque; but to the bills, during Christmas time, is added a comic fairy-tale entitled, *Lady Belle Belle; or Fortunio and his seven Magic Men*; but our old friends, so long associated with the ADELPHI, Mr. Webster, Mr. Toole, and Mr. Paul Bedford, supplanted, it would seem, by Miss Bateman on the stage of their many triumphs, have taken refuge at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, and it is to be hoped will succeed in resuscitating the fallen fortunes of this much-neglected but pretty theatre which, Mr. Byron has supplied with a dramatic squib, entitled, "1863; or, A Glance at Past Sensations and Certain Comic Revelations of *Lady Somebody's Secret*." The author is supposed to be hard-up for a subject, towards the selection of which he is assisted by Mrs. Brown, his housekeeper, but more successfully by Fanny, who takes the author a tour through the recent attractions of the town, with a view to the selection of a subject. After summoning several of the leading dramatic heroes and heroines of the past season, upon whom, and by whom, pungent rhymes and parodies are spoken and sung; Lady Audley's secret is settled upon as the subject, and a short sensational burlesque is performed, Mr. Toole playing Lady Audley. Mr. Paul Bedford, Talboys, and Miss Fanny Josephs, Robert Audley, the entertainment winding up in a scene by Messrs. Danson and Sons, illustrative of the Home of Heraldry, the lands of the Thistle, the Shamrock, and the Rose.

Mr. Vining returns again to the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, and the pantomime at this house, furnished by the "Brothers Grimm," is called "*Harlequin Little Tommy Tucker*; or, the *Fine Lady of Banbury Cross*; and the *Little Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe*, and had so Many

Children she Didn't Know What to Do. Tom Tucker is shown to be the son of the old dame who occupied such a singular habitation, and Taffy the Welshman is the terrible ogre who keeps her in bodily fear. He has stolen Mary "quite contrary," who is the daughter of Old King Cole, and by his potent agency she is transformed into a stone statue, which is at Banbury Cross, only to be re-animated by the charms of music. Old King Cole calls for his famous trio of fiddlers, drummers, and fifers to rescue her from enchantment, but the privilege of restoration is reserved for Tom Tucker, who at last breaks the spell.

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to detail all the attractions advertised for the far east, extreme north, or over-the-water theatres, suffice it is to say, that pantomime, at one and all, prove the London appreciation for of species of entertainment. While, however, the theatres are thus given up to Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon, there are several secular entertainments, apart from the theatres, of a very attractive kind; of these, unquestionably, Mr. German Reed's *Opera di Camera* is most worthy attention. The little opera, *Jessie Lee*, is the joint production of Mr. G. A. Macfarren and Mr. Oxenford; the vocalists are only four in number, there is no chorus, only one set-scene, and the accompaniment is confined to a single instrument—the pianoforte; yet so thoroughly have author and composer understood one another that they have succeeded in producing a work capable of inspiring the highest sensation of pleasure, without any of those accessories considered indispensable to opera. Our musical readers, in town, should not fail to visit the Gallery of Illustrations, if for no other reason than to see how much can be done with a few accessories.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Galer, too, have commenced a season at the Polygraphic Hall, with a well-written and prettily-arranged entertainment of a musical and dramatic character.

At the Egyptian Hall, the panorama, or diorama (for we are apt to confuse the two in a pictured exhibition which combines the best features of each), of the Holy Land continues for the benefit of the younger visitors to public amusements; and at the same place Mr. J. K. Lord still relates amusing accounts of his Canadian experiences, accompanied with the excellent pictured scenery which has for so long made it so attractive.

The Polytechnic is, as usual, in the full enjoyment of a prosperous winter season, with all the varied sights and sounds which are more amusing than mere science, and more instructive than mere amusement. The Colosseum too, apart from its cyclorama, which is always attractive, is full of seasonable amusements.

Of the Music Halls, it is scarcely necessary to say more than that they are all advertising novelties, and all declaring their own success. The Alhambra has re-opened with Franconi's Circus, and all the accompaniments of acrobatic and other feats.

The reopening of the National Gallery, after the autumn recess, has been marked by the addition of the unusually large number of twenty-nine pictures chiefly from the early Flemish and German masters. They comprise pictures attributed to Justus, of Padua; Andrea di Luigi, of Aloisi, called *L'Ingegno*; Pinturicchio, A. Bronzino; Stephen Lochner, of Cologne; the master of "The Liversberg Passion" (known also as the "Master of Werden"), the "Master of the Cologne Crucifixion," Margaret Van Eyck, sister of Hubert and John; Hans Memling, H. Vander Goes, R. Vander Weyden the younger, Jan Mostert, Cornelis Engelbertsz the elder, Joachim de Patinir, Henrik de Bles, Jan Schoorel, Sigismund Holbein (?), brother of Hans, the Father, &c.

At the sale of the musical property of the late Professor Taylor, Messrs Novello & Co. purchased the plates and copyright of Spohr's Oratorios. We hear that the arduous task of editing them for publication has been handed to Mr. Joseph Barnby, who, as an organist and composer, is deservedly earning a wide-spread reputation.

We understand that M. Gounod in Paris is at present entirely engaged in personally superintending the daily rehearsals of his new Opera. It is expected that it will be brought out next season in London, when, doubtless, this contribution from the composer of *Faust* will excite great interest, and attention.

The municipality of Florence has decided that the centenary recurrence of Dante's birthday shall be celebrated by a public festival in the month of May, 1865. The poet was born at Florence, in May, 1265.

Notices to Correspondents.

PUBLICATIONS FOR REVIEW will be received for the Editor by Messrs Hall, Allen, and Smart, 25, Paternoster Row, E.C., or at the West-end Office, 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

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THE PROFESSION desirous that we should announce in our Calendar Musical events of interest, should intimate their wishes before the 25th of every month. General contributions, unaffected by time, should be forwarded before the 25th.

T. C. T. (Blackheath). Many thanks for your paper on "Longfellow's Poems." We should gladly have availed ourselves of your assistance but for our limited space. The subject you suggest for future papers, if well-considered, will be most acceptable.

COMPOSER OF MUSIC.—Thanks for your personal call. We regret our absence, and having mislaid your card. We are desirous however, in reply to your inquiry, to state, that the Proprietors of this Magazine are in no way connected with any Publishing Firm whatever.

Poetry.

GERALDINE.

My spirit, o'er a sea of dreams,
Beholds an isle afar,
Illumined by a beauteous smile—
Memory's morning star.

'Tis thine, child-angel, Geraldine,
Thine that angelic smile,
Which casts its halo o'er the rocks
Of barren Thistle Isle.

That island which, above the sea,
A gloomy bastion seem'd
Of some old sea-king's castle,
Round which the breakers gleam'd.

Gleam'd as if they, with gnashing teeth,
Unwilling homage paid,
Breaking in vengeance on the rocks,
Because their course was stay'd.

As, in some strange chaotic dream
Of ruins dark and wild,
Sometimes will rise a phantom form
Of glorious angel-child;

So midst the desolate world of rocks
In that tempestuous sea,
Amongst the island's rough bold race,
Seem'd Geraldine to be.

So wild and bleak was peak and plain
That stretched from shore to shore,
Trees, flowers, and birds seem'd scared away
By ocean's ceaseless roar.

But brave were those hard-featured men,
The island's hardy race;
The winds seem'd to have out the lines
Upon each sharpen'd face.

Lines which, as they, on Prophet scroll,
Life stories plainly told,
Of many a wild adventurous deed
Of fisher brave and bold.

How many long dark wintry nights,
Amidst the ice and snow,
They'd watch'd the northern lights gleam bright,
And heard the north winds blow.

For there, instead of counting life,
As in this land of ours—
How many times round us have bloom'd
The happy summer flowers—

They only told how many times
Had winter o'er them past,
How many times on Christmas Eve
They'd heard the howling blast.

For Summer brought them flowers so few,
They only knew her near
When earth and heaven in sky and sea
Seem'd one, so calm and clear.

But though for flowers of southern clime
The island was too bleak,
Such roses never bloom'd before
As on this maiden's cheek.

And wailing winter winds, which made
The sea with passion foam,
And blinding sleet, and hail, and rain,
That revell'd round her home,

All strove in vain to steal away,
Impetuous and wild,
The flower that Beauty here had made
Her own adopted child.

The weather-beaten fishermen
Loved well this blossom rare,
And watched her with a secret pride
Grow year by year more fair.

And yet they wonder'd not—but strange
Mysterious tales would tell
Of Geraldine, the Island Rose,
Loved by each one so well.

One said "that in the golden time,
When earth and heaven seem'd one,
A ship with wondrous sails was seen
Beneath the rising sun.

"Its sails were white as glistening snow;
And as the ship drew near,
He saw an angel at the helm,
The glorious vessel steer.

"And while he watch'd—there came a sound,
With low and plaintive swells;
It came from up the sunlit sea,
As sweet as marriage bells.

"And then the angel crew were seen
To land upon this isle,
And music of the mystic bells
Was pealing all the while.

"They came straight to the Fisher's cot
The very summer morn
The mother of the sweet rose died,
And Geraldine was born.

"And so, because the angels came
Without God's own decree,
They only took the mother's form
Away across the sea;
And that her angel spirit, left,
Unto her child was given,
To dwell on earth, till God's own time
To call her home to heaven."

Another said, "The angels came
To take both wife and child;
But when they found the Thistle Isle
So desolate and wild,
"They fled affrighted from the shore,
But in their terror left
A child of heaven, who comforted
The Fisher's heart, bereft."

Whichever be true I cannot tell;
So blest was her smile,
She might have been a child of heaven,
This Rose of Thistle Isle.

For, oh! her aged father's eye
Beam'd with sublimest love;
He felt she was the gift of God,
All other gifts above.

And he watch'd well with jealous care
This young and only child:
He knew that love was swift and strong,
And youth and passion wild.

For many a bold young fisherman
Had gazed upon this flower,
And felt his heart stir'd suddenly
By a mysterious power.

For, God be thank'd! there is no land,
Beneath His eye above,
So desolate that it can be
A stranger unto love.

And so the island's daring youth
Would spread the wee white sail,
And o'er the breakers roam alone
Before the fitful gale;

And o'er their hearts, as sails at sea
Uprise when fair winds blow,
Came happy dreams of gleaming arms
And bosom white as snow,

Beneath which beat a heart as pure
As out of heaven could be,
In which as countless graces grew
As pearls beneath the sea.

From many a bold young fisher's heart,
Amidst the seething foam,
Went up the prayer to God for strength
To win for her a home.

And when, amidst wild wintry gales,
Death dower'd the angry wave,
Sweeping the wreck-lost mariners
Into a watery grave,

These brave men, conscious that she loved
The soul with courage true,
For her sake there was no brave deed
They would not dare and do.

Thus many a life of precious worth,
Cast on the rocky isle,
Its rescue owed to bravery bought
By Geraldine's sweet smile.

And many a mariner, who saw
This maiden on the beach,
And heard her soul-inspiring voice
Help for the lost beseech,

Has said, when rescued from the surge,
Amidst the raging storm,
He thought the beauteous Geraldine
His guardian angel's form.

One shipwreck'd man I heard declare,
Who, saved on that wild shore,
Found in the honest Fisher's cot
The Christian's open door—

That laid upon a couch, and watch'd
With woman's matchless care,
When he awoke and first beheld
This maiden bow'd in prayer,

He thought that he the grave had pass'd
And in some holy place
Beheld the dawning light of heaven
Round that angelic face.

For looking on that upraised face,
So sweet a calm was there,
He thought that he had safely pass'd
Life's last wild storm of care.

No wonder, then, so beautiful,
She soon was known to fame—
That many a stranger loved to hear
The music of her name.

But one had look'd upon her face,
A man of lion-heart;
And they who saw that passion-glance,
Beheld him strangely start.

That man, whose spirit ne'er was known
At wildest storm to quail,
Changed as by some magician's spell;
His face grew deadly pale.

And from his eye a strange light gleam'd;
For when her voice he heard,
Sweet echoes of a happy past
His inmost being stir'd.

As oft behind some sombre cloud
We see the stainless blue,
Behind the guilt of years he look'd
On Childhood pure and true.

And as the murmur of a stream,
Or whisper of the wind,
Will wake dear, half-forgotten things
That slumber in the mind;

So did her voice, so low and sweet,
Remind him of the days
When he had heard a mother's voice
Speak words of prayer and praise.

And while she spoke, a wondrous tear
Stole down the love-parched cheek;
He gazed on her with rapturous awe,
Before he dared to speak.

Dear ones, who long ago sweet flowers
Upon life's way had cast,
Seem'd, as he look'd, to stir with life
The canvas of the past.

"O God!" thought he, "could I but call
So sweet an angel mine,
The cursed gold that made me thus
With joy would I resign.

"Could I but live one happy year
As I have lived before,
A ruined paradise of love
Her virtues would restore."

But while he thought, to him it seem'd
A demon mock'd his fate,
Shouting within, with poison'd lips,
Too late! too late! too late!

For when he drew near Geraldine,
The Rose of Thistle Isle
The radiance of her beauty lost,
And the love-light of her smile.

She knew that strong and daring man,
A pirate captain bold,
Of whom by many a winter's fire
She'd heard such dark deeds told.

She shrank instinctive from his touch,
As some poor trembling dove
With whom the vulture seeks to make
His nest the home of love.

He saw, with bitterness of heart,
Her terror and affright;
He saw the bridgeless gulf that rolls
Between the Wrong and Right.

But then, within his guilty soul,
The phantom-fiend of Sin
Struck dumb the pleading angel's voice
That sings of truth within.

"What! am I not," he proudly thought,
"The dread of land and sea?
What power shall stay my hand? O child!
My bride, or Death's, thou'lt be."

And then he smiled on Geraldine,
And kneeling, softly sigh'd,
"Oh! thou couldst make my life a heaven—
Sweet spirit, be my bride!"

A look of speechless agony
Betray'd the maiden's woe:—
"Your bride! Oh that can never be!
Your bride! ah no! ah no!"

The pirate captain turn'd aside,
Nor ought to this replied,
But mutter'd half inaudibly,
"She shall, shall be my bride!"

Then, as if all were well forgiven,
He pass'd the Fisher's door,
And turn'd with hasty step toward
The boat upon the shore.

That night, a league from Thistle Isle,
Was moor'd the pirate ship:
The captain strode in haste the deck,
Gnawing his nother lip.

The wind was whistling through the shrouds,
Seeming to mock his words,
And tauntingly above the mast
Scream'd the wild ocean birds;

When, with a loud imperious voice,
He cried, "Crowd sail—the tide
Must not return, ere I return
With Geraldine my bride!"

A shout, as if from hell arose,
Of wild, demoniac glee,
From that blood-stain'd accursed crew,
On that dark troubled sea.

That night, the blood red flag was furled;
But o'er the deep a boat
Towards the rocks of Thistle Isle
Was slowly seen to float.

The night was stormy, and dark and cold;
The wind, with muffled tone,
Sang to the waves a dirge-like strain
To music of its own.

The Pirate steer'd the boat to shore,
And then the hateful crew,
Landing upon the Thistle rocks,
Their glittering poniards drew,
And up the winding path they crept,
Where 'mong the rocks uprose
The little lonely Fisher's cot,
Where slept the Island Rose.
If ever angels hovered round
A sleeping sister's face,
This surely was a blessed spot,
A hallow'd, holy place!
All was a moment still; then, lo!
A startled cry arose,
A cry that shivering broke the still
Of that dread night's repose.
For from his couch of pain had risen
The maiden's aged sire;
"Geraldine," cried he, "Geraldine!"
"See, see, our home's on fire!"
The suffering man had long been bowed,
By age, and care, and pain;
Helpless, he knew to strive to save
Himself or child were vain!
Like frightened fawn, in sudden haste
Fair Geraldine awoke:
She saw above a line of fire,
And round, the wreathing smoke!
"Oh! father," said the trembling maid
"I cannot leave you here;
What shall I do! my God, I know
That none but Thou art near!"
"Fly!" said the old man, "and perchance
Some friendly hand is nigh:
If not, oh! take my blessing child,
And leave me here to die."
But scarcely had he breathed these words,
Than, breaking through the door,
The stalwart Pirate captain stood
As he had stood before.
He clasp'd his arms around the maid,
She struggled to be free;
But he exultingly exclaimed,
"My Bride, not Death's, thou'lt be!"
And then a fiendish cry arose,
As from the cot he passed,
Whilst round the roof the lurid flames
Were flickering in the blast.
But as he bore the maiden off,
A cry rose deep and wild;
"God, God, have pity! save! protect!
Give, give me back my child!"
Poor Geraldine, like frightened bird
Thus from her home-nest torn,
Swoon'd in the Pirate captain's arms,
Nor knew where she was borne,
Till to the Pirate's dreaded ship
The boat was seen to glide,
And from the deck arose the cry,
"Welcome the Sen-king's bride!"
Then, as if God no more could brook
The devilry of man,
He seem'd to give the maiden frail
A wondrous talisman.
She stood upon the blood-stain'd deck
Strong in the trust of Heaven;
She felt that God in that dark hour
Deliverance had given.
Upon that blood-stain'd deck, I ween,
It was a solemn sight,
To see that beauteous maiden stand
Like angel clothed in white.
As calm as martyr midst the flames
Fair Geraldine stood now;
The smile of pity on her face,
Illumed her pallid brow.
The Pirate captain dared not move,
But stood aside dismay'd;
While Geraldine, with searching eye,
The bubbling deep survey'd.
She waved her hand—none dared to move,
All gazed with bated breath;
While she cried aloud, with a shrill sharp cry,
"I am the Bride of Death!"
A moment more—a sudden plunge
Was heard, and in the deep,
In the cold embrace of the angel Death,
Geraldine fell asleep.
A flash, as from the angry eye
Of God, illumed the sea,
And by the light the Pirate's face
Was terrible to see.
"Help!" "help!" a treasury untold
He his, who now shall save
The Rose of Thistle Isle this night
From the dark ocean wave!"
"A rope—a rope cast out, cast out!
She yet again will rise."
But here another angry glance
Of God illumed the skies.

As if the spirits of the dead
For vengeance had arisen,
Claiming the retributive Hand
Of the avenging One in heaven,
The billows whiten'd east and west;
So white the foam was spread,
As if in resurrection robes
Arose the mighty dead.
The countless dead, that year by year
Had slumber'd in their graves,
With watery mounds above them heap'd
In ever rolling waves.
They seem'd to wake for vengeance now,
As the storm-wind louder wail'd;
As a fearful spell wrought on the ship,
The stoutest spirit quail'd.
The lightning stream'd like molten stars,
From murky thunder clouds,
And 'midst the cries and groans of men
Rattled the rifted shrouds.
The splinter'd mast fell with a crash,
Striking the helmsman dead;
And rudderless, the haunted ship
Through bubbling billows sped.
Thus drifted on the fated ship,
Yet but a little while,
Till a sweeping billow bore it on
To a rock of Thistle Isle.
It struck; and curses, yells, and groans,
That echoed up the sky,
Were only answer'd by a glance
From God's avenging eye.
And by that light upon the surge,
Was seen the scatter'd wreck;
And they that clung to the splinter'd spars
Of the mast and blood-stained deck.
Alone in that light, one swimmer was seen
To rise above the wave
That engulf'd the rest of the pirate crew
In an unhallow'd grave.
'Twas the Pirate captain—he alone
Had reach'd the fatal shore,
'Midst the roll of the thunder overhead
And the mighty tempest's roar.
It was a fearful place, I ween:
Behind him rose the rocks,
Whose rough gnarl'd sides through Time had borne
Thousands of billow shocks.
To them he turn'd with hopeless eyes,
And sought the heights to climb;
But the crumbling sea-shells fell from his grasp,
Mocking this child of crime.
So steep they rose, all efforts vain;
He sank upon the sand,
Whilst wave on wave still nearer drow,
As the tide set to the strand.
Beyond, roll'd on the mighty sea;
He felt the chill salt spray,
Whilst on the horizon rose the pale
First pitiless gleams of day.
He knew 'twere vain to strive to swim;
He felt wave after wave
Breaking around him, and he knew
No hand could help or save!
Prometheus never felt such woe,
The vultures at his breast,
As did this sin-curs'd Pirate chief
In this stern hour unblest.
As in some magic dream, he saw
The dark deeds of the Past—
The wither'd flowers of early years,
Reviv'd by Death's chill blast.
Memory with unrelenting hand,
Unveil'd past joyous years;
He thought of a mother's broken heart,
And a darling sister's tears.
He saw the first grim dawn of crime;
And then, as in a train,
Hundreds of phantom victims rose,
To mock his spirit-pain.
And 'midst the roar of wind and wave,
He heard that cry so wild—
"God, God, have pity! save! protect!
Give, give me back my child!"
And last of all, still robed in white,
He saw the lovely form,
As he had seen fair Geraldine
Before the avenging storm.
She seem'd at last to be transformed,
Sitting at heaven's gate,
With the flaming sword of the cherubim,
Murmuring "Too late! too late!"
With this last vision, Death's dread hand
Shadow'd the light of heaven,
And the last cold wave, his winding sheet,
Around his form had risen.
At dawn of day, the fishers found,
'Midst relics of the storm,
The Pirate's grim and ghastly corpse
And the hapless maiden's form.

And as Life stamps, so Death will set
His signet ring, to tell
The eternal contrast that divides
Angels of heaven from hell.
So the death-smile of that grim crew
Such dreadful terror gave,
The fishers fear'd to give the dead,
Even a hallow'd grave.
And so they raised it from the beach;
But back 'midst the howling storm,
From the highest rock of Thistle Isle,
Was hurl'd the Pirate's form.
But on the beauteous Island Flower,
Were reverent fingers laid,
And a grave in the greenest churchyard spot
Was given the virgin maid.
From which, though long, long years have pass'd
A charmed floweret springs,
White as the fairest violet
Shaken from angel wings.

Songs for Music.

[It is intended from month to month, under this title, to publish suitable "Songs for Music." Applications from composers desiring to use the same, must be accompanied with a copy of their arrangements (not necessarily for publication), addressed to the Editor "Musical Monthly Office."]

NEW YEAR, HERE'S A WELCOME TO THEE!

New Year, here's a welcome to thee—
A welcome that springs from the heart!
Thy light reveals glories to me,
And thou dost fresh courage impart.
Hope shines like the star of the East
On the birth of this infant of Time;
Its lustre my faith has increased,
And made resolutions sublime.
O welcome then happy New Year!

Like a plain of immaculate snow,
Untrodden—to mortals unknown,
And fair as the infant year's brow,
The Future is beauty alone.
Let us gaze on the smiles of the dead,
Nor waste idle tears on the dead;
And trusting to Heaven's own smile,
We'll fear not the unknown to tread.
O welcome then happy New Year!

The Past, like a desolate shore,
With wrecks of resolve has been strown—
Broken promises lost o'erboard,
From the heart, like a forgotten tune.
Then come hail the infant year's birth,
From the dust of the dead turn away;
Behold the new joy of the earth,
A Phoenix arises to-day.
O welcome then happy New Year!

LITTLE MAY.

I hope you're not forgetting,
Little May,
Though now so far above
The reach of earthly love,
The happiness God sent us in the summers past'd away,
When we wander'd hand in hand
About the pleasant land,
With the sunlight in our hearts, and all was bright and gay.
Little May!

But now I'm weeping, weeping,
Little May,
As I wander all apart,
With a shadow in my heart;
For I want your smile again to shine and make it day.
A pretty bud were you,
That by the river grew,
And the water came to love you, and floated you away.
Little May!

My soul will follow after,
Little May,
For I'm a flower too,
Though not so bright as you,
And I'm floating down the river that has carried you away;
And on a happy shore,
We shall bloom for evermore,
In the sunny summer-weather of a never-ending day.
Little May!

LITTLE BIRD.

Sing on, sing on, little bird,
For whosoever thou art heard,
Some heart all the lighter,
Some soul all the brighter,
Will be found,
Minister of harmless mirth,
True apostle upon earth,
Joy within thy bosom
Seems to bud and blossom
Into sound.

Oh! that men were more like thee,
That with heart as pure and free,
Void of gall and malice,
All would pass the chalice
Of delight.
For, like fire that we bestow,
Joy we give may burn and glow;
Yet we, none the poorer,
Of a light be sure,
In our night.

Fiction.

MODESTE MIGNON.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY in October, 1829, Monsieur Simon Babylas Latournelle, a notary, was ascending the road from Havre to Ingouville, arm in arm with his son, and accompanied by his wife, behind whom came, in the fashion of page, the head clerk of the office, a little hunchback named Jean Butscha. When these four persons, two of whom at least made this journey every evening, arrived at a bend of the road, which turned upon itself like those which the Italians term *cornici*, the notary looked carefully to see that no one could overhear from another level of the road above or below them, and, for still greater precaution, sinking his voice to a half whisper, said to his son:

"Expère, endeavour to execute intelligently the little manoeuvre which I am about to indicate to you, and without trying to discover its purport; but should you divine it, I enjoin you to cast it into that Styx which every notary, and every man who seeks to advance himself in the law, should have in himself for the secrets of others. After having presented your respects and your compliments to Madame and Mademoiselle Mignon, to Monsieur and Madame Dumay, and to Monsieur Gobenheim if he is at the Chalet, upon the first lull of conversation Monsieur Dumay will take you aside; you will look curiously (this I permit you) towards Mademoiselle Modeste all the while he is talking to you. My worthy friend will request you to go out and take a walk, and to return in an hour's time—about nine o'clock—in a hurried manner; appear as if you were quite out of breath, and whisper in Dumay's ear, but still loud enough for Mademoiselle Modeste to hear you: 'The young man has come!'"

Expère was to depart on the morrow for Paris, to commence his legal studies. This immediate departure had decided Latournelle to propose to his friend Dumay that his son should become their accomplice in the important conspiracy indicated by the notary's directions.

"Is Mademoiselle Modeste, then, suspected of an intrigue?" inquired Butscha timidly of his mistress.

"Hush, Butscha!" replied Madame Latournelle; and she again took her husband's arm.

Madame Latournelle, daughter of the registrar of the preliminary court, thought herself quite authorized by birth to claim descent from a judicial family. This pretension readily suggests why this lady, despite her superfluity of pimples, should endeavour to assume all the dignity of the tribunal whose judgments were recorded by her father. She took snuff, held herself rigid as a post, gave herself the airs of a woman of consequence, and exactly resembled a mummy galvanized into a brief resuscitation. She attempted to modulate her harsh voice to aristocratic tones, but scarcely succeeded so well as to conceal the defects of her education. Her social utility seemed indisputable, to see her bonnets with their arment of flowers, the frizzles upon her temples, and the dresses in which she delighted. How could the shopkeepers ever have disposed of these goods if Madame Latournelle had not been in existence! All the follies of this worthy woman, with her really charitable and pious Nature, might have passed almost without remark; but nature, who amuses herself sometimes in burlesquing her more serious creations, had endowed this good provincial soul with the figure of a drum-major, in order to bring her eccentricities into bold relief. She had never been out of Havre; she believed in the infallibility of Havre; she bought everything in Havre, and had all her articles of dress made there; she declared herself Norman to the tips of her nails; she venerated her father, and adored her husband. Little Latournelle had the assurance to espouse this damsel at the anti-matrimonial age of thirty-three, and actually rendered her the mother of a son. As he obtained, moreover, a dowry of sixty thousand francs from her father, his unusual intrepidity was attributed to the desire of avoiding a calamity, from which his narrow means would hardly have escaped, if he had set fire to his house by introducing into it a young and pretty bride. The notary had sincerely recognised the great qualities of Mademoiselle Agnes (she was named Agnes), and had remarked how soon the beauty of a woman disappears in the eyes of her husband. As for this insignificant young man, on whom his maternal grandfather imposed his own Norman name of Expère at the font, Madame Latournelle was so agreeably surprised at becoming a mother at the age of thirty-five years and seven months, that she would have suckled him still, had he required it—the only hyperbole which could fully express the folly of her maternal dotage. "How handsome my son is!" she would say to her little friend Modeste, in simple sincerity, and pointing proudly to him, as they walked to church together, with her idolised Expère a little in advance. "He is very like you," Modeste Mignon would reply, as indifferently as though she were saying "What disagreeable weather!" The preceding portrait, although of a personage of little importance in this story, will not be thought misplaced, when it is stated that for three years Madame Latournelle had been the chaperon of the young girl for whom the notary and his friend Dumay were about to lay a trap, as before hinted.

As for Latournelle, imagine a good little man, as cunning as the purest honesty would suffer him to be, and whom any stranger would have taken for a knave, from the appearance of a physiognomy which was too familiar to be thus characteristic to the good folks of Havre. A constant tendency to inflammation in the eyes obliged the

notary to wear green spectacles. The arch of each eyebrow, garnished with scanty down, extended in a line with the brown frame of the glass, appearing like an arc of an outer and concentric circle. If you have never noticed on the countenance of a passer-by the effect produced by two such parallel arches, separated by a void, you cannot well imagine how such a face would puzzle you—especially if this face, pale and furrowed, terminated in a point, like that of Mephistopheles, which painters have rendered upon the model afforded by cats—for such was the appearance presented by Babylas Latournelle. Above these horrid green spectacles rose a cranium, the more crafty-looking inasmuch as the wig, apparently endowed with motion, indiscreetly permitted grey hairs to straggle forth at all points, and itself cut the forehead everywhere with an uneven line. To look at this estimable Norman, clad in black, mounted on two legs like a coleopter on two pins, and to know him as the most honest man in the world, one might seek, without finding, the reason of such physiognomical paradoxes.

Jean Butscha, a poor abandoned illegitimate child, whom the registrar Labrosse and his daughter had brought up, had now become chief clerk by dint of severe application, and was lodged and boarded with his master, receiving a salary of nine hundred francs (£36). Dwarfish, but without a trace of youth in his appearance, he made an idol of Modeste, and would have willingly laid down his life for her. This poor lad, with large fiery eyes compressed beneath their thick lids, pitted with the small-pox, overwhelmed with a redundancy of shaggy hair, and embarrassed by enormous hands, had lived under the eye of pity from his seventh year. What fuller history of his life could be written! Silent, meditative, exemplary in conduct, exact in moral and religious duties, he wandered in that vast land known upon the charts of the Heart as Hopeless Love, the arid and sublime desert of Desire. Modeste had named this grotesque head clerk, the Mysterious Dwarf. This sobriquet caused Butscha to read Sir Walter Scott's romance, and he said to Modeste: "Will you accept, for the day of peril, a rose from your Mysterious Dwarf?" Modeste suddenly drove back the soul of her adorer into its mud cabin, by one of those terrible glances which maldens dart upon men who are distasteful to them. Butscha surnamed himself *Le Clerc Obscur* (the Obscure Clerk), without knowing that his pun went back to the origin of heraldic devices; but he, like his master, had never been out of Havre.

It may be necessary, for the information of those who are unacquainted with Havre, to say a few words about it, in order to explain whither the Latournelle family were proceeding—and under this term we may evidently include the head clerk. Ingouville is to Havre what Montmartre is to Paris—a high hill at the foot of which the town lies extended—with this difference, that the sea and the Seine nearly encircle the town and the hill, that Havre is closely shut in by narrow fortifications, and, finally, that the mouth of the river, the harbour, and the docks offer quite a different spectacle from that of the fifty thousand houses of Paris. At the foot of Montmartre the slated roofs stretch out like rigid billows of a dull-blue tint; at Ingouville are seen, as it were, moving roofs agitated by the wind. This eminence, which from Rouen to the sea borders the stream, leaving a margin more or less confined between itself and the water, but which contains treasures of the picturesque in its towns, its defiles, its valleys, and its meadow-lands, has acquired great value at Ingouville since 1816—the period from which the prosperity of Havre is dated. This district became the Anteuil, the Ville-d'Avray, the Montmorency of the merchants, who built themselves handsome villas upon this amphitheatre, that they might there breathe the sea air perfumed by the flowers of their luxurious gardens. Here these venturesome speculators reposed after the fatigues of their offices and the atmosphere of houses crowding one upon another, without space, with scarce a passage between, as they had been huddled together by the increasing population of Havre, the unyielding girdle of its ramparts, and the extension of the docks. Havre was the seat of gloom, but Ingouville was the abode of gaiety. The law of social development had raised with mushroom rapidity the suburb of Gravelle, now larger than Havre itself, and creeping round the foot of the declivity like a serpent. On the summit Ingouville consisted of but one street, and, as in all such situations, the houses which overlooked the Seine had necessarily a great advantage over those on the opposite side of the way, but which seemed struggling upward, like spectators on tiptoe, to peep over the opposite roofs. Nevertheless, there was subservience here, as everywhere; for some mansions seated upon the summit occupied a superior position, or enjoyed rights of view which compelled a neighbour to restrict his building to a stated height. Then the capricious rock was furrowed by roads which rendered its ascent practicable, and through the excavations of which the town, the river, or the sea was visible from the various habitations. Without rising to a peak, the hill terminated abruptly in cliffs. From the end of the street, which wound to the summit, might be seen defiles in which several villages were situated, Saint Adresse, two or three Saint somethings, and the coves in which the sea murmured. This side of Ingouville was almost deserted, and offered a striking contrast to the handsome villas which looked toward the valley of the Seine. Was it from fear of the effects of rough winds upon the vegetation, or did the merchants recoil before the expense of cultivating these barren slopes? However it might be, the tourists

* *CLERC-OBSCUR*, identical in sound with *CLAIR-OBSCUR*, chiaroscuro, light and shade.—*TRANS.*

on the steamboats are astonished to find the declivity bare and rugged to the west of Ingouville—like a beggar in rags by the side of a rich man sumptuously dressed and perfumed.

In 1829, one of the last houses on the side towards the sea, and which, no doubt, now stands in the middle of Ingouville, was called, and is perhaps still called, the Chalet. This was originally a porter's lodge, with a small garden in front. The proprietor of the villa to which it was attached—a house with park, gardens, aviary, greenhouse, and menageries—had the whim to put this small dwelling in harmony with the sumptuous character of his own residence, and had it rebuilt in the style of a cottage-villa. He separated this cottage from his lawn, ornamented with flowers and borders, by a low wall, along which he planted a hedge to conceal it. Behind the cottage, still termed in despite of his efforts the Chalet, extended the kitchen and fruit gardens. This Chalet, without cows or dairy, was enclosed from the road by palings invisible behind a luxuriant hedge. On the other side of the way, the opposite house, restricted to a certain height, and with similar hedge and palings, allowed a view of Havre from the Chalet. This little dwelling was the despair of Monsieur Vilquin, the owner of the villa; and not without reason, as we shall see. The founder of this residence, the details of which spoke eloquently of wealth, had not extended his grounds so much as not to have his gardeners in his pocket, as he said. Once finished, the Chalet could be inhabited only by a friend. Monsieur Mignon had a great affection for his cashier, and this story will prove that Dumay returned it with interest; he therefore offered him this residence. Astride on his stool, Dumay obtained his master's signature to a twelve years' lease at a rent of three hundred francs (£12); and Monsieur Mignon signed it gladly, saying: "My dear Dumay, remember you engage to live with me for twelve years."

Through events which will shortly be narrated, the possessions of Monsieur Mignon, formerly the richest merchant in Havre, were sold to Vilquin, one of his rivals on the exchange. In his joy at the acquisition of this celebrated Mignon villa, the purchaser forgot to require the cancelling of the lease of the Chalet. Rather than have hindered the sale, Dumay would then have signed all that Vilquin might have requested; but when once the sale was completed, he held resolutely to his lease. He remained in Vilquin's pocket, in the midst of Vilquin's family, observing Vilquin, annoying Vilquin—in fact, Vilquin's bugbear. Every morning, at his window, Vilquin experienced a strong feeling of vexation in beholding this bijou of construction, this Chalet that had cost sixty thousand francs (£2,400), and which glistened like a ruby in the sun. A truthful simile; for the architect had built this cottage of bright-red bricks, pointed with white mortar. The windows were painted of a lively green, and the timbers of a yellowish brown. The roof overhung several feet. A pretty carved corridor reached to the first floor, and a veranda projected its green cage in the middle of the façade. The ground floor was composed of a pretty parlour, and a dining-room, separated by a staircase designed and adorned with elegant simplicity. Behind the dining-room was situated a kitchen, and at the back of the parlour a small room, which now served as a bed-chamber for Monsieur and Madame Dumay. On the first floor the architect had contrived two large chambers with a dressing-room attached to each, to which the veranda served as a saloon. Above these, close under the roof, which resembled two cards leaning against each other, were two servants' bedrooms, each lighted by an *œil-de-bœuf*, mere garrets, but of considerable size. Vilquin had the meanness to build a wall at the side of his kitchen and fruit gardens. After this act of petty spite, the few yards left to Dumay by his lease had the appearance of a Parisian garden. The outbuildings, built and painted in a style according with that of the Chalet, were backed by the wall of the adjoining property. The interior of this charming residence was in harmony with the exterior. The parlour, floored with iron wood, presented to the view the wonders of a painting in imitation of Chinese lakes. On the dark ground-work, bordered with gold, shone many-coloured birds, and foliage of impossible green, the fantastic designs of the Chinese. The dining-room was lined entirely with northern wood, carved and sculptured after the fashion prevalent in pretty Russian cottages. The small lobby in front of the staircase was of ancient-looking stained wood, ornamented in the Gothic style. The bed-chambers, with their delicate hangings, were remarkable for costly simplicity. The small room in which the cashier and his wife slept, was wainscoted and celled to represent the cabin of a steam-packet. These follies of a shipowner account for the rage of Vilquin. This poor purchaser wished to lodge his son-in-law and daughter in the cottage; and Dumay's knowledge of this project will presently explain his Breton tenacity on this point.

The entrance to the Chalet was by a small gate of iron trellis-work, the lance-heads on the top of which rose some inches above the palings and the hedge. The small front garden, equal in width to the sumptuous lawn, was now full of flowers—roses, dahlias, the finest and the rarest productions of the green-house; for, to increase Vilquin's annoyance, the small elegant green-house, the green-house which had been termed "my lady's," belonged to the Chalet, and formed the separation; or, if you will, the connection, between the villa and the cottage. Dumay consoled himself for want of accounts to keep by attending to the green-house, the exotic productions of which formed one of the pleasures of Modeste.

The billiard-room of the Vilquin villa, a kind of gallery, formerly communicated by a large turret-shaped aviary with this green-house; but after the construction of the wall which shut out the view of the fruit garden, Dumay built up the door of communication. Every day at the exchange Vilquin was tormented with some new joke in regard to his contumacious tenant; until, in 1827, he offered Dumay a salary of six thousand francs (£240) and an indemnity of ten thousand (£400) to cancel the lease. The cashier refused, although he had but a thousand crowns at Gobenheim's, a former clerk of his master. Dumay was a true Breton, though fate had transplanted him into Normandy. Conceivably the hatred entertained against these tenants of the Chalet by the Norman Vilquin—a man of vast wealth! What a crime of leze-millions, to exhibit to the rich the impotence of gold! Vilquin, whose despair rendered him the by-word of Havre, had just offered the freehold of a pretty residence to Dumay, who again refused. Havre began to be anxious about this obstinacy, the reason of which many pretended to assign by the exclamation, "Dumay is a Breton!" The cashier himself thought that Madame and especially Mademoiselle Mignon would have been too badly lodged anywhere else. His two idols inhabited a temple worthy of them, and at least had the benefit of this sumptuous cottage, where fallen kings might have preserved a show of majesty—a kind of decorum often lacked by those who have suffered reverses.

The reader will perhaps not regret having been made acquainted in advance with the home and the habitual companions of Modeste; for, at her age, people and things have as much influence as character upon the future, if, indeed, character does not receive from them some indelible impressions.

From the manner in which the Latournelles entered the Chalet, a stranger might have perceived that they visited it every evening.

"Already here, sir?" said the notary, on perceiving in the parlour a young banker of Havre—Gobenheim, a connection of the great house of Gobenheim-Keller at Paris.

This pale-faced young man—one of those fair persons with dark eyes whose steady gaze has a peculiar fascination, clad in black, thin as a consumptive patient, but of a vigorous constitution—was an habitual visitor to the family of his former master and the house of his cashier, less from affection than from interest. They played whist there at two sous the corner, a high stake not being requisite to the game: he accepted nothing but glasses of *eau sucrée*, but had no courtesy to proffer in return. His appearance of devotion to the Mignons gained for Gobenheim the credit of possessing a heart, while it saved him from frequenting the fashionable world of Havre, to incur useless expenses, and derange his domestic economy. This catechumen of the golden calf retired every evening regularly at half-past ten, and rose at five. Sure of the discretion of Latournelle and of Butscha, Gobenheim could discuss knotty points with them, subject them to gratuitous legal consultations, and reduce the gossip of the mart to its proper value. This incipient gold-bibber (as Butscha called him) belonged to that kind of substances which in chemistry are called absorbant. Since the catastrophe that had happened to the house of Mignon, when the Kellers subsidized him for the attainment of high maritime commerce, no one at the Chalet had ever asked a favour of him, not even the carrying of a message, for they knew what would be the answer. In the eyes of this youth Modeste created about as much interest as a penny lithograph. "He is one of the pistons of the immense machine called Commerce," said poor Butscha, whose humour was betrayed by little witticisms, timidly uttered.

The four Latournelles saluted with the utmost respect an aged lady, dressed in black velvet, and who did not rise from the easy chair in which she sat, for her eyes were covered by the yellow film of cataract. Madame Mignon may be described in one sentence. She immediately attracted the gaze by one of those august countenances of the mothers of families whose blameless life defies the strokes of destiny, but who have been the mark of its arrows, and form the numerous tribe of Niobes. Her white perruwig, well curled and carefully put on, sat upon her white chill figure like those of the burgomasters' wives painted by Hals or Mirevelt. The exactness of her toilet, her velvet half-boots, her lace collar, and her neatly-adjusted shawl, all attested the solicitude of Modeste for her mother.

When the moment of silence anticipated by the notary occurred in this pretty parlour, Modeste, seated by the side of her mother and embroidering a scarf for her, became for an instant the central point of observation. This curiosity, masked by the common-place remarks which people usually address to each other in company, even those who see each other every day, would have betrayed the meditated domestic plot to an indifferent person; but Gobenheim, more than indifferent, remarked nothing: he lit the candles on the card-table. The attitude of Dumay rendered this situation terrible for Butscha, for the Latournelles, and especially for Madame Dumay, who knew that her husband was capable of shooting the lover of Modeste, as he would a mad dog. After dinner the cashier had been for a walk, followed by two magnificent Pyrenean dogs, suspected of treachery, and which he had left with a former tenant of Monsieur Mignon's; then, a few minutes before the entrance of the Latournelles, he had taken his pistols from the head of his bed, and placed them on the mantelpiece, with an effort to conceal his proceedings from Modeste. The maiden paid

not the slightest attention to these preparations, which were at least singular.

Although short, squat, pitted with the small-pox, and in the habit of speaking so low that he seemed to be listening to himself, this Breton, a quondam lieutenant of the Guard, presented resolution and coolness so clearly graven on his countenance, that in the army, during twenty years, no one had ventured to pass a joke on him. His small eyes, of a calm blue, resembled two bits of steel. His manners, the cast of his features, his speech, his gait, all accorded with his brief name of Dumay. His strength, which had often been tested, rendered him fearless of affront. Able to kill a man with a blow of his fist, he actually accomplished this feat at Bautzen, upon finding himself without arms, face to face with a Saxon, in arrears of his company. At this moment the firm and mild physiognomy of this man reached the sublimity of tragedy; his lips, pale as the rest of his features, indicated a convulsion restrained by his Breton energy; a slight perspiration, which every one saw and supposed to be cold, damped his forehead. The notary knew that from all this might result an assize court drama. In fact, the cashier, in regard to Modeste Mignon, played a part in which were engaged an honour, a faith, and sentiments of an importance transcending social ties, and resulting from one of those compacts of which the sole judge, in case of misfortune, is in heaven. Most dramas consist in the ideas that we form of things. The events which appear dramatic to us are but the subjects which our mind converts into tragedy or comedy, according to the bent of our character.

Madame Latournelle and Madame Dumay, charged with observing Modeste, had an indescribable restraint in their manner, and a quivering in the voice, unnoticed by the person whose trial was proceeding, so absorbed did she appear in her embroidery. Modeste plied every stitch with an exactitude to be envied by embroideresses. Her countenance told with what pleasure she saw the completion of the last petal of a flower she had been working. The dwarf, seated between his master and Gobenheim, repressed his tears, as he meditated how he might reach Modeste, in order to whisper a word of warning in her ear. By taking a position in front of Madame Mignon, Madame Latournelle, with saintimonious cunning, had isolated Modeste. Madame Mignon, silent in her blindness, paler than her habitual pallor, showed plainly that she was aware of the test to which her daughter was about to be subjected. Perhaps at the last moment she blamed this stratagem, even while she considered it necessary. Hence her silence. She wept inwardly. Exupère, the trigger of the trap, knew nothing of the drama in which chance had assigned him a part. Gobenheim remained, by force of his character, as little concerned as Modeste appeared to be. To a spectator in the secret, this contrast of complete ignorance on one side and palpitating attention on the other would have been sublime. Now-a-days, more than ever, novelists dispose of these effects, and they have the right; for nature is always allowed to be stronger than they are. Here, nature, social nature, which is a nature within nature, was pleased to make the facts more interesting than the story, as torrents design fancies interdicted to the painter, and accomplish efforts in shaping and arranging stones which surprise the statuary and the architect. It was eight o'clock. At that season the twilight still shed its last glimmerings. On that evening the sky was unflecked by a cloud, the cool breeze kissed the ground, the flowers scented the air, the grating of the gravel was audible beneath the tread of returning promenaders. The sea shone like a mirror. In fine, there was so little wind that the candles on the card table exhibited a motionless flame, although the windows were open. This parlour, this evening, this dwelling, what a frame for the portrait of this young girl, now studied by these persons with the deep attention of a painter before Doni's Margherita, one of the glories of the Pitti palace. Modeste, a flower enclosed like that of Catullus, was she worthy of all these precautions? You know the cage, let us describe the bird.

Just twenty years of age, slender, delicate as one of those sylphs invented by English designers for their "Books of Beauty," Modeste presented, as did her mother formerly, a charming expression of that grace, so little understood in France, which is called sentimentality, but which among the Germans is the poetry of the heart risen to the surface of the individual, displaying itself in affection with the silly, and in an exquisite delicacy of manner with the intellectual. Distinguished by hair of a golden hue, she belonged to that class of women designated, no doubt in memory of Eve, heavenly blondes, and whose skin resembles satin paper fitted upon the flesh, who shiver beneath a wintry and expand beneath a sunny glance, rendering the hand jealous of the eye. Beneath her hair, light as gossamers and curled into English ringlets, a brow which might have been traced by a compass, such was the purity of its outline, rested discreet, calm even to placidity, though luminous with thought; but where could one be found smoother, or more transparently clear? It seemed, like a pearl, to have an orient. Her eyes, of a blue verging on grey, limpid as those of an infant, exhibited all the archness and all the innocence of childhood, harmonising with the arch of the eyebrows, which displayed as delicate a line as those pencilled on Chinese figures. This spiritual whiteness was relieved upon the temples, about the eyes and in the corners, by tones of mother-of-pearl and threads of blue—the privilege of these delicate tints. The face, of the oval so often employed by Raffaele for his Madon-

nas, was distinguished by the sober and maidenly colour of the cheeks, soft as the Bengal rose, and on which the long lashes of a transparent eyelid threw mingled shade and light. The neck, now bent, almost fragile and of a milky white, recalled those tapering lines affected by Leonardo da Vinci. A few slight freckle-spots, similar to the patches of the eighteenth century, attested that Modeste was really a daughter of Earth, and not one of those fancies invented in Italy by the dreamers of the Angelic School. Though at the same time slender and full, her lips, with a slight tinge of mockery, were expressive of voluptuousness. Her figure, supple without frailty, excited no maternal alarms, like those of girls who seek to shape themselves by the morbid pressure of the corset. The dimity, the steel, and the lace, refined, but could not fabricate the serpentine lines of her elegance, comparable to that of a young poplar waving in the breeze. A grey, silk dress, trimmed with cherry-coloured braiding and long in the waist, chastely displayed her figure and covered her shoulders, as yet rather slender, leaving visible only the first roundings by which the neck was connected with the shoulders. On beholding this physiognomy, on the whole aerial and intellectual, on which the finely-cut Grecian nose, with its roseate nostrils, conferred a certain positiveness of character—where poetry reigned upon the almost mystic brow, in seeming contradiction to the voluptuous expression of the mouth—where candour disputed with wary archness for possession of the deep and varied field of the eye—an observer would have thought that this young girl, with the quick and delicate ear which every sound awoke, and nostrils open to the perfumes of the blue flower of the ideal, must be the scene of a contest between the poesies which play around each sunrise and the tasks of the day—between fancy and reality. Modeste was a maiden inquisitive and modest, knowing her destiny and full of chastity, the virgin of Spain rather than that of Raffaele.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE FALLS.

"FROM that rock a man was precipitated by his brother. He went over the falls, Sir."

It sounded terrible, with the thunder of the cataract in our ears. "I never heard the story," I said.

"Very few have, but it's true for all that; and I know the particulars perhaps better than any man living. 'I heard them from the murderer himself.'"

I started.

"He was a lunatic in — Asylum, in New York, of which, as you know, I am head physician. I'll tell you all about it over a hot brandy-toddy at the International, when you have had enough of this drenching. Shall we go?"

I agreed; and twenty minutes afterwards, in the room which we jointly occupied, beside a cherry wood fire, rendered doubly acceptable by the hour and the dampness of the season, the stormy night shut out, the voice of the cataract forming an appropriate accompaniment to the narrative, the stimulant alluded to by the Doctor, and the sedative of cigars at hand, he imparted to me the particulars forming the ground-work of the following story:—

There were resident in the city of New York two brothers, of wealthy family and Puritan ancestry, whom I shall designate by their biblical names of Mark and Silas, the first the elder-born. They had left their native State of Connecticut, where they had been brought up in strictness and comparative seclusion, when nearly arrived at manhood, to assume positions in the rich mercantile house of their maternal uncle, with the expectation of ultimately succeeding him in the control of it, for he was a bachelor and childless, and avowed his intention of making them his heirs. Probably nothing less would have induced their parents to part with them. They were, as said, wealthy, and of old New England stock; and their creed, one of the severest ever adopted by mortals, made them averse to exposing their sons to the presumed temptations which lay outside the bounds of parental restraint. This reason had kept the young men from business until Mark was twenty, Silas eighteen.

Two brothers, possessing a general resemblance in physiognomy and in minor traits of character, yet so radically different in its essential components, could scarcely be imagined. Both fair-haired and grey-eyed, handsome in spite of the irregularity of feature commonly observable in American faces, the elder was, in disposition as in appearance, the impersonification of easy, careless, affectionate good-nature; the younger, of shy, serious, almost feminine delicacy and sensitiveness. This constitutional diversity had been increased by the peculiar training to which they had been subjected.

It was severely repressive and rigorously Puritan. Descended from that ancestry which is the granite of New England character; which was so resolutely bent on basing all its endeavors, its routine of daily life, even to the minutest particular, on things eternal; which could not be content to rely, child-like, on the divine beneficence implied in the title, "Our Father which art in heaven," but, in the words of its best delineator, must arrogate the task "of reconciling the most tremendous facts of sin and evil, present and eternal, with those conceptions of infinite power and benevolence which their own strong natures enable them so vividly to realise;" thus descended, the father of Mark and Silas was worthy of his progenitors. He tried to mould his son in the

fashion of his own sombre individuality. And maternal affection effected but little amelioration of their position; for if their mother did not see through her husband's eyes, she shared his belief, and would have considered any interference with his ruling prerogative as injudicious, perhaps sinful.

Mark, the elder, suffered least. His was a simple, honest nature, whose lack of depth, and healthy tendencies toward the sunny side of existence, were the best of protectives against morbid influences. They only affected him temporarily; they surrounded him, but never struck inward. He regarded the family faith merely in its repressive, prohibitive aspect, as something presumably necessary, but inherently, antagonistic to human happiness. Without disputing its tenets, he troubled himself as little about them as possible. He eagerly embraced whatever pleasures lay in his way; was more fond of than companionable to his brother, and would have domineered over him, but that Silas's sensitiveness made the act brutal, while his affectionate deference rendered it superfluous.

Naturally studious and thoughtful, Silas preferred poring over a book to out-of-door pleasures, or such social intercourse as the brother's position afforded. Not that he disdained the latter, for he was impressionable and approbative; but an unconquerable timidity, belonging to a highly-nervous organisation, made him shy and self-distrustful in company. Then, too, the merciless theology, so carelessly ignored by Mark, had virtually poisoned the younger man's healthy intellectual existence. Mere temporal pleasure could offer little attraction to a mind for ever brooding on things eternal.

His taste for reading found no more wholesome aliment than the writings of the Puritan divines of the last generation—a literature justly characterised as "altogether unique" and terrible. Devouring these, in the absence of better mental food, accepting their testimony, at first, without question, Silas's existence from his boyish days had been overshadowed by one great fear—that of eternal perdition. Too timid to arrogate to himself that miraculous change of heart, without experiencing which he believed that all were under the just sentence of a wrathful God, he suffered horribly, suffered to a degree of intensity only conceivable in one of his organisation. In time the inevitable reaction came, producing at first repulsion and revolt, then doubt and inquisition. Like the evil spirit in the parable, he journeyed through dry places without finding rest: presently embarking on the bitter waters of the Dead Sea of unbelief, with no better pilots than Paine and Voltaire, he read their works in secret and fancied himself an infidel. From the extreme of gloomy superstition to negation is neither an uncommon nor an unnatural transition: Silas made it with fear and trembling; the hereditary faith quitted him only after a long struggle, the miserable particulars of which may be imagined. Perhaps it never entirely relinquished its hold upon him.

Both the brothers hailed their emancipation from the restraints of home with satisfaction, the greater because their uncle's household presented the very converse of it. Though a nominal professor of the family creed, he was one of the jolliest, most genial of rich old bachelors. He went to the theatre, read novels, and gave dinner parties, delighting on all occasions to surround himself with young and mirthful faces. His secret sympathy for his nephews had made him stipulate for their change of residence as the price of his testamentary favour, while his judgment indicated the necessity of qualifying them for their future career. The removal was only accomplished after lengthy negotiation, and, as aforesaid, when Mark and Silas had nearly attained manhood.

In their uncle's house they enjoyed an amount of personal freedom and consideration at once novel and delightful, and naturally made themselves amends for old repression after their separate fashions. Mark, always his uncle's favorite, because a general one; his good looks, good-nature, and healthy appetite for pleasure secured him a welcome everywhere. Silas, too shy to mix in society, yet commanded and appreciated intellectual gratifications. Three years of town residence converted the elder brother into a dashing, free-handed and universally popular New Yorker; the younger into a polished, fastidious, serious, and sensitive gentleman. They loved each other fraternally, Mark alloying his affection with a spice of big-brotherly authority, but respecting his mental pre-eminence; Silas, with an admiration of his elder's exuberant vitality, accepted and even enjoyed such harmless manifestations of it.

Such were the brothers' mutual relations when their uncle's house received two new inmates, one the innocent cause of the crime foreshadowed in the introduction to this narrative.

An old schoolmate and friend of their uncle came to New York with his only daughter, returning from two years of European travel. He was the owner of a Louisiana Cotton-plantation, and, arriving in the month of June, willingly postponed his departure for the South until the summer's heat should have abated, accepting in the mean time the hearty old bachelor's hospitality, and resolving with him on a tour to the watering-places. This project the daughter's presence rendered doubly agreeable to the old gentleman; she had been a childish pet of his, and time had only developed her beauty and attractiveness.

She was a tall, black-haired girl, with great dark eyes, which, when her intellect and feelings were in genial flow, sparkled with a brown splendor at once dazzling and beautiful, but could look grave and kind enough on

occasion. Just eighteen, possessing one of the sweetest of contralto voices, highly educated, a little self-conscious and imperious, but no more so than her beauty and accomplishments seemed to warrant; foreign travel and intercourse with European society had refined away that too demonstrative self-assertion which is not uncommon in Southern belles, replacing it with the perfect ease of high breeding. Both the brothers fell in love with her.

That she should look with favour upon a young, gallant, handsome suitor like Mark, prospectively rich, and very much in earnest, was no wonder. He had the surface qualities which attract women and more. She never suspected the passion of the younger brother.

His shyness had always kept him in the back-ground in female society, notwithstanding a strong secret attraction towards it. He was now brought into daily communion with a girl of rare beauty, refinement, and intellect—one whose high-souled womanliness approached his ideal conception of the sex, whose character bore the test of his speculative and analytical disposition. He loved her at once passionately and hopelessly.

He never told her of it; he never intended to do so. From the outset he distrusted himself, and would have augured only miserable and ridiculous failure as the certain result of any attempt presumably so audacious as that of his winning her. Yet—a curious but natural anomaly—his passion revealed to him the depth and superiority of his own nature over that of his hitherto admired brother. Without any idea of competing for her favor—with no distinct apprehension of Mark's success beyond a vague sense of coming wretchedness—his affection, from its commencement, was embittered by despair and jealousy. These passions preyed on his heart, no one suspecting. The fire raged the fiercer for repression. If he hoped to extinguish it, a chance word, a gesture, a look of hers made it blaze afresh. He thought of her ceaselessly; her beauty haunted him; unable to tear himself away from the indulgence of her presence, he continued recklessly drinking in the sweet poison which had already tainted his life. It is in the nature of such morbid passions to grow to monstrous proportions, and to deceive their entertainers. Had Silas spoken no tragedy might have occurred.

The brothers and their uncle made the rounds of the watering-places with their guests. They went to Newport, to Nahant, to Saratoga, and finally to Niagara. Mark's attachment to the fair Louisianian delighted his uncle; he desired nothing better than the marriage of his two favorites, but as yet the elder brother had not declared himself. Though a dashing, self-confident fellow, love had taught him diffidence, and until their arrival at the little village bordering the great cataract he had found no eligible opportunity. She was a recognised belle, an heiress, and, as such, sought by hosts of admirers. At Niagara the desired occasion presented itself. Evil chance made the younger brother a partial spectator.

Walking one August day, at sunset, in the woods of Goat Island, Silas beheld, in the path before him, two figures conversing earnestly. Stung by suspicion and jealousy to the perpetration of a meanness for which he loathed himself even while acting upon its suggestions, he slunk among the trees watching and following them. They went to the arbor which overlooks the foot-bridge leading to the Terrapin Tower and cataract. This arbor is not latticed, but constructed of boards, hence the wretched listener, as he paused behind it, remained concealed from those within. Indeed they thought little of him, of the world, or of any things but their own happiness. Mark had proposed, had been accepted.

How he spent the next three hours will never be known. He raved in after-years of the rush and roar of the rapids, of the moonlight on the water, the thunder of the cataract, and always of her and his brother, frequently antedating the crime which then was uncommitted. It wanted an hour of midnight when he found himself at the foot of the Terrapin Tower, leaning on the hand rail of the bridge, looking down at the Horse-shoe Fall. The night was very beautiful, and pale lunar rainbow, like the ghost of a solar one, flickered and quivered and waned, now distinct, now indefinable, over the vortex below.

Presently he heard and recognised approaching footsteps, but did not turn his head until a hand was laid upon his shoulder and Mark stood beside him.

He had come to seek him. Flushed with happiness, possessed by a delicious unrest which made sleep impossible, on his fair companion's retiring for the night he had inquired for his brother, and not finding him at the hotel, returned to Goat Island. The place was a favorite haunt of Silas's nocturnally—it suited his disposition.

Mark was exultant, talkative; he admired the scene, rallied his brother on his liking for solitude, laughed, and clapped him on the shoulder. A sense of triumph, of exultation, had succeeded his first glow of passionate devotion, and, like all men of sanguine temperament, he yearned for a friend to whom he could confide his secrets. Silas knew this and what was coming, but dreaded the disclosure with a fear indescribable in its intensity—a fear, perhaps prophetic of the final result. As if to avoid it by a change of position, he strolled toward the platform of the tower and presently dropped from it to the rocks below. Mark followed him.

Very soon it came. With all the high-strung enthusiasm of an ardent nature, fired by success, Mark spoke of his happiness and of the future of love and prosperity before him, praising the goodness and beauty of his chosen wife. His words were tender enough; but in place of the delicious humility characterising the highest order of affection of man for woman—that which makes

it akin to religion in its infinitesimal estimate of the value of self, and exultation of the desired object—there was the mere transport of passion. Silas, listening with a sickened heart, contrasted it with that within his own bosom, and felt, with a pang of unutterable misery, how immeasurably higher he had rated her—how much lower his own pretensions.

He made an attempt at congratulating his brother, the manner of which might have excited surprise had the latter's high spirits admitted of any thing but the contemplation of his own felicity. Then Mark began to speak of her regard and respect for Silas, adding, jestingly, that she had professed so much that, were his brother not such an inevitable old bachelor, he should have been inclined to congratulate himself, on speaking first, and thus losing a wife in a sister-in-law.

The words were spoken idly, out of sheer lightness of heart, but fired Silas's brain and made him stagger as with vertigo. Might that have been? could he have won her? was he a wretched fool who had lost the prize from lack of courage in avowing himself? It was all over now, and here was Mark erect and triumphant. He had leaped on a great boulder on the verge of the rapids and was defying the cataract, declaring that he had dear cause to love life now—that he had never loved it more!

Then a dreadful temptation came into Silas's heart. Had he resisted it for one moment—had he paused to think, to repel the busy devil that urged him on, he might have conquered. But he did not. With set teeth and a face in which passion, culminating into temporary insanity, had blanched to an awful whiteness, he rushed forward and pushed his brother violently in the back. It was done in a second. Mark had no time to cry out before he found himself struggling in the horribly swift, smooth water and borne irresistibly toward the edge of the cataract, but a few yards distance.

As he went over, his desperate grasp detained him momentarily on the very verge of the Fall, and the moonlight struck full on his countenance. Silas, still in the attitude of pushing, gazed at him. That look haunted him till his death-hour. So much of youth, and hope, and strong life precipitated into sudden and horrible death—surprise, and agony, and a dreadful blending of shocked affection, summing up all the fraternity of their past lives, and dumbly appealing against its violent conclusion—these and a thousand unutterable things were in that look. But for an instant; in another only the thunder of the cataract, sounding like the voice of avenging God in the ear of the fratricide.

He was never suspected. No eyes but his had witnessed the deed, no heart distrusted him. The surprise at Mark's disappearance, the alarm, the inquiry and search, the discovery and recognition of his body after many days' immersion, the general conviction that he had stumbled into the rapids and had been carried over the Fall by accident—all this the murderer endured and seemed to share, with what real grief, remorse, and apprehension only those whose souls have received the black baptism of similar guilt can conceive. His misery was so great as to excite general remark and sympathy. She, who supposed it the counterpart of her own affliction—whose horror at the supposed cause of it need not be told—attempted to comfort him. When her drowned lover's body was committed to the earth, Silas lay on a sick bed, ill of a low nervous fever.

They sent for his mother, from Connecticut, to nurse him—a task shared by her expected daughter-in-law. Had delirium overtaken their patient he might have revealed his dreadful secret; but it never occurred, and if his words wandered to the subject of his brother's death, it was attributed to grief and mental prostration. When the summer ended, in accordance with the advice of his physician and the desire of his relatives, he accompanied her and her father to Louisiana. Change of scene, it was hoped, might prove beneficial to him.

He remained throughout the winter and far into the spring, by which time the mad hope, bred of a few idle words, which had precipitated him into crime, which had seemed to die with the act, revived, and budded, and blossomed into realisation.

Living in the same house in all the freedom of familiar intercourse, drawn together in her supposition by a common calamity, what wonder at such a result? A sense of desolateness and dull sorrow succeeded the keen anguish attendant on the wreck of her hopes, and she inclined, at first pityingly, and then tenderly, to the brother who seemed to mourn him so, whose affection for her appeared to grow up out of his grave. For he loved her still with a guilty, morbid passion, craving possession of that which had tempted him.

His uncle's decease by apoplexy, while it increased the sympathy of his Louisiana friends, made him a wealthy man. Her father favored his suit, and by early summer she returned to New York his wedded wife. If she accepted him from a tender regard rather than any warmer feeling, she gave him all the affection she had to bestow, and in time came to love him dearly. Graver in aspect, exquisitely kind and considerate to all about her, her nature ennobled and purified by trial, her sorrow passed into a reminiscence as new duties and responsibilities opened upon her. She was all unconscious of the terrible tragedy in progress at her side.

Men thought her husband of singularly sombre, unhappy disposition, that apparently possessed of all that is desirable in life, his countenance and behaviour should indicate so little appreciation of it. He was prosperous in business, honoured and respected by his fellows, blessed with a fair and good woman to wife and obedient children,

he had seemingly nothing to cloud his happiness, but the recollection of a calamitous accident which the lapse of years might be supposed to have eradicated; yet no one could have looked in his face and envied him. It was never cheerful, even when turned to those he loved most; for a tremendous retribution was gathering slowly around him, like a great and ever-increasing darkness—a darkness in which the light of reason waned and sank, and finally went out in utter despair and horror. The terrible details, imperfectly derived from his subsequent ravings, can here be only faintly indicated.

It began in ceaseless brooding on his crime. The mental excitement and re-action of feeling succeeding the murder had produced sickness; with recovery came remorse, affording him no rest or remission. He thought of the deed, in all its particulars of time and circumstance, with a monotonous misery impossible to be shaken off or lightened. If the body of his drowned brother had been continually beside him—bearing him company in his daily walks, interposing its ghastly presence at his board, laying its drowned face on his pillow, and staring at him through the dreadful watches of the night with that piteous, appealing look he remembered so well, he could not have been more constantly haunted by it. Especially he was troubled by the irrevocableness of the past. It seemed of all things horrible that there should be no possibility of undoing the murder.

Neither the cares of business, nor the affection of his wife and children, sufficed to afford him more than temporary oblivion. At times he distrusted their notice, and made wretched attempts at the appearance of happiness, which only deepened his subsequent and habitual gloom. During the first years of their union she attributed it to grief at his brother's loss, and strove earnestly against its imagined influence. But as time elapsed without effecting any mitigation of his misery, her health and spirits suffered. She began to fear for his sanity.

If he had been of coarser organisation he might have rushed into dissipation; but his nature revolted from gross indulgences, and it was rendered additionally morbid and sensitive by guilt. Then, too, he loved her always. That was why he hid his secret. The fear of losing her—though her possession never gave him a tranquil moment—affected him with more terror than the thought of the shameful death to which the confession of his crime might have consigned him. This, withheld him also from the alternative of suicide—this, and a conviction that death would separate them for ever; for his former scepticism had succumbed beneath the tremendous assaults of conscience, and he had returned to his first fear. He believed himself damned.

How dreadfully that idea took possession of him, to the exclusion of what little hope had lurked latent within his soul, the imagination may conceive, but not depict. Hour after hour, day after day, and night after night, he pondered on it, always, starting with the assurance of its being his inevitable destiny. His remorse, he thought, was not repentance: that involved confession, and the acceptance of punishment, which he could not bring himself to undergo. So there remained for him, in the awful words of Scripture, nothing but "a fearful-looking forward to judgment." His brother would confront him at the Great Day; she would know all then, and be taught up into heaven; and he would go away into torment. No hope, no forgiveness, through all eternity!

Thus his agony increased and culminated. He stood by the bedside of his dying father, with no other thought than that he would shudderingly consign the fratricide to deserved perdition were he aware of his crime. He heard of his mother's death without a tear. In his home, on the mart, at church, his isolation was complete and dreadful. He was tempted to proclaim his guilt aloud in crowded places; anon to a shrinking avoidance of his kind, even of his wife and children. One of the latter resembled his murdered uncle in countenance and manner. His father was afraid of the boy; he would watch him secretly, blinking away when noticed. He almost dreaded that the child's face or words would indicate some preternatural knowledge of the dead.

Presently he began to mistake the fancies of his guilt-oppressed brain for realities. He would sit staring at the door as if he expected something to enter; would suppose he heard his brother's voice calling to him. Did he, at this time, impelled by some fearful fascination, make a journey in the dead of winter to the scene of his crime? His words subsequently implied as much, and he was said to have disappeared for a week on a supposed business journey. It matters little; his tragedy draws toward its close.

One night in mid-summer, when the rain beat heavily on the roof, and the thunder rolled and crashed overhead, with overwhelming apprehension of the impending end of the world he told her all. The next he was a hopeless lunatic in an Asylum. There he survived ten years, outliving her, at once the cause and victim of a crime of which his children are to this hour ignorant.

A GHOST STORY.

"Yes! I repeat it! We believe in nothing now-a-days, and scarcely in that."

"What, Faith not alive in this nineteenth century—in days of electric telegraphs, ocean-crossing in ten days, peace congresses, European revolutions, and world's fairs—when we all are ready to believe that this generation will see the air rendered navigable, even as land and water are? Had we no belief, should we attempt these things, and do them?"

"But are they done in faith of the high destiny of our race, or simply as a means of acquiring dollars? Why, there never was such a Mammon-ruled age since Adam was a little boy as this present one; and delightful as it is to play the Pharisee, in being loftily thankful that we are not as other ages were, yet it is a question whether, after all, we are better off. We know too much of cause and effect, of detail which vulgarises and renders common all things, from Niagara's fall to the tail of a lap-dog. A pagan of the Greek world saw, in a thunder-storm, Zeus incensed, darting lightning messengers of wrath at impious or ungrateful man below; now, it is but the passage of so much electricity. When the loud, long, reverberating thunder bellows and crashes through heaven's vault; when sheets of violet-hued lightning make the driving, rushing rain-drops sparkle like jewels in the murky midnight, we prate about chemistry and Franklin's kite: out upon it! Now do you really think a city-pent shopman or mechanic, one whom civilisation bears hard upon, looking and hoping for no better fate than a life of toil for permission to live tolerably (or indifferently) well—do you think him happier than a shepherd on Parnassus, tending his flock, and believing that the great god Apollo haunted its temple and leafy-laureled shade? Why, they loved and piped, and when the boughs stirred in the covert of the thick wood, knew that some kindly fawn or hamadryad was peeping through them. Are our newspaper enjoyments, cigar-smoking, lecture-attending, caucusing and ballot-boxing, happier modes of filling up one's existence?"

"You argue well, but not well enough. Life, even in the antique Greek world, was not as it appears to us through the sunny vista of books and imagination."

"Perchance not. But now who cares to possess, much less gives rein to, imagination? They did, most assuredly, as we find them surrounded by, and ever recurring to, images of beauty, we may say imaginative, but real to them. The realities of the imagination are actual enough. If a book makes me laugh or weep, it is as real a sensation as a poke in the small of the back with a walking-stick. The scent of a rose is as much a fact as the piston of a locomotive. But now-a-days we have no belief, whether gentle or harsh; nothing but dollars and go-ahead-activeness everywhere. We know it works out a great end; but it is not itself the end, as we fancy. And of the spirit-world round about us we never think (I don't recognise the existence of these knocking knaveries, you know). Now, of course, you do not believe in ghosts? People cannot, even those who would like to. Matter-of-fact folks would not let them."

"You do not, surely?"

There was a smile of peculiar humour playing around the mouth, and twinkling in the hazel eyes of the hale old gentleman, whose crotchets we have chronicled as expressed by himself. Of the occasion of the conversation we, perchance, should have before spoken; and to remedy our neglect, will do so at once. The scene was the parlour of a substantial farm-house, in old Massachusetts; one of those snug, spacious, quaintly-picturesque old buildings, to which our own Washington Irving (all love and honour to his memory!) could alone do justice, in the way of description, and which an artist has but to chance upon, when its likeness will incontinently be transferred to the columns of one of our illustrated newspapers. Tall elms, goodly oaks, the maple, the hickory, and swamp willow clustered, embowering round its straggling barns and out-houses: bare enough now, however, in the clear sharp-breath of a January night. And of all good nights in the year, that on which we take up our story is the night of the New-Year's day.

A merry party were there that night around the hearth of Mr. Bevan, the hale, hazel-eyed old gentleman we have introduced to the reader. A couple of sons, an equal number of daughters, all wedded; and some score of grandchildren, from the ages of five to five-and-twenty; three old friends of the family (two of whom had been school-fellows with their host full sixty years ago); these, with a liberal sprinkling of town visitors from the good city of Boston (including a Londoner of some three weeks' transatlantic experience, all wonder and amusement at the novelty of every thing about him), formed the guests assembled. A wood fire roared and crackled up the spacious chimney with exultant sound; bright eyes glanced demurely or shyly in its lights; social words were uttered; old times and by-gone memories recalled; and all was unmixt happiness and good-will. Close beside the rocking-chair in which the old gentleman (the centre of the group) was seated, his hand clasped between her tiny plump ones, was Mr. Bevan's favorite grand-daughter Annie, a bright-eyed, jetty-haired girl of ten summers, much marvelling at present at the turn the conversation had taken. For the three old friends had gotten together, and, impelled thereto by some remark by one of the Boston visitors, laudatory of the times we live in, old Mr. Bevan had, partly in jest and three parts in earnest, run on as we have heretofore recorded.

"Ghosts, Sir! Why you don't mean to say you believe in them, Sir, do you?" quoth the Londoner, with a stare of good-humoured, round-eyed curiosity.

"And why not, I ask?" replied the old gentleman. "You read Shakespeare, of course? Well, then, if nothing is or is not, but only as we regard it, as Hamlet says, why not credit ghostly visitations? As is the case with witchcraft, plenty of cases are on record which defy us to square them by rule, and common matter-of-fact. So mixed up with history in early times is the supernatural, that we cannot separate them; and all ages are prone to

belief in it, even our own. But not to speak of whether it is or is not, I want to know the superior advantage of negating and barring up the spirit-world to flights of fancy and imagination. We need not frighten ourselves, at least no more than is desirable (for it is pleasant to be frightened sometimes). Now, a good ghost-story is a good thing; and he who can conceive or tell one is worthy an amount of liking equal to the merit of his story. Now, I have a ghost-story which I would narrate, but that I think it somewhat too sad and terrible for a New-Year's night."

"Tell it, by all means!" and "Let's have it!" were the exclamations of the circle.

"I scarcely know whether I am wise in doing so."

(Little Annie looked up timidly from beneath her curls, and rubbed her fair face against her grandfather's hand.) "One thing I can answer for, that the circumstances I relate are true: let the question of whether supernatural or not be settled by you as you will. Mind, I do not tell you what I think about it. Some of you have heard it before" (his old friends nodded), "but as many are present who have not, I'll tell it. So trim the lamp, fill all your glasses, hold your tongues, and listen."

All of you have read of the first French Revolution. All of you know something of the scenes of horror, of terror and dire cruelty appertaining to that most terrible time. A dreadful time it was! which, even, half a century elapsed, the world has not done shuddering at. Yet I perceive, now, men, even great and good men, are busying themselves in finding palliatives for, and heroism in, the pitiless monsters produced by it. True, they were victims as well as scourges; sufferers as well as inflictors; and all self-deceived from first to last, in the mad hope of swimming through seas of blood to a promised land of liberty and happiness. As such, we can pity the fated wretches. But oh! had these good and great men who write history lived in that time, and seen with their own visible, actual eyes what outraged humanity then suffered, sympathy with their kind would have caused them to cry out horror upon the cruel men of that dismal, dreadful time. It is of an episode (now rendered historical) of the first French Revolution, that I, an eye-witness of it, and now a grey-haired man, have to speak.

It was upon a sultry morning of July the 29th, 1792, and all Paris was astir with expectation and excitement; for on that day, fifteen hundred Marseillais, journeying from the utmost south of revolutionary France, were to make their entrance into the city. Summoned with sinister intent by their deputy, the young, brave, rash Barbaroux, under pretext of sharing at the federation of the 14th of July (a day already passed), the secret and unavowed object was that of placing at the disposal of the party of the Gironde an army of unscrupulous and reckless men, wherewith to overawe all opposing power, whether that of King, Assembly, or their bitter opponents, and final conquerors and executioners, the Jacobins.

Swelled and surged the tumultuous city and stormy populace, like an unquiet sea, as, marching in rank and file, the Marseillais entered by the quarter St. Antoine. A grim, black-browed mass of men, with eyes of fire and faces bronzed by the southern sun, dust-covered and travel-soiled, and strangely armed and accoutred. Scarcely one but bore musket and sabre; yet was this not all, for some carried axes, some scythes; and many the pike—the weapon of the Revolution. The sunlight fell on the green boughs they carried, glittered on the motley array of arms, and shone on the blood-red liberty caps of Phrygian shape worn by most of the band. A more picturesque spectacle it were hard to conceive; and when, over all, rose the grand measured chant of that hymn or march of the Marseillais, which took its name from the singers, many a cheek flushed and heart throbbed with emotion and excitement. Little thought they then, perchance, of the horrors destined to follow the arrival of these men!

On they marched: applause of hand and voice, embracings and spoken welcomes greeting them everywhere, as they thronged on through the crowded alleys of the Quartier Saint Antoine. All passed peaceably enough, save for such an incident as the one to which I owed my knowledge of the hero of my story.

Gazing on the marching men, I stood among the lookers-on, when I observed the attention of one of the troop directed toward me. Eyeing me for a second with a menacing stare, he then whispered to a companion, and immediately afterwards forced his way toward me, pointing with uplifted pike toward my head. I recoiled, and the crowd around bent their gaze on me, some with wonder or stupid fear, others apparently sharing in the anger of the Marseillais. "See you not, citizen," exclaimed one of the latter, "what is the cause of the virtuous indignation of our brother-patriot? Thou wearest a ribbon cockade, as do the infamous aristocrats who remain among us: the enemies of the Revolution, and the people!"

"Change it! replace it with a woollen one!" growled the mob around.

Taking the cockade from the red cap of the Marseillais, extended to me on the point of his pike, I complied with the general request, and thereby satisfied the democratic purity of sentiment existing in those around me. The Marseillais bent his bushy eyebrows, and bowing his head in token of approval, passed on.

"Citizen, who and what art thou?" demanded a young man by my side, girl round the waist by a tricolor sash

* Rouget de Lisle, poet and composer of the Marseillais, very narrowly escaped being accompanied to death by his own song. He was saved by the st. Elizabeth, which consigned Robespierre and his fellows to a fate they had merited a thousand-fold.

(denoting a deputy to the National Assembly), and whom I had remarked as being one of the first and most earnest in clamoring for the removal of the obnoxious cockade.

"I am an American, citizen!" said I, shortly.
"An American!" repeated he. "Ah, had we known that, we should not have doubted the purity of thy republicanism. Accept of my apologies, and admit me to thy friendship." My name is Adam Lux. I am a German by birth, and delegate to the Assembly from my native town of Mentz. Now tell me of thyself?"

Gallo enough, in all conscience, thought I to this sudden offer of friendship. However, replying with all fitting courtesy, I entered into conversation with him. In personal appearance he was handsome, had a fair, frank, earnest face; bright curling hair worn long, with little or no beard. His eyes were blue, and gazing on them, you could read at once the excitability and impetuosity of his nature. Such was Adam Lux, of Mentz; and as I have narrated, such was his self-made introduction to me.

Our acquaintanceship, thus accidentally formed, continued and increased, and we speedily became intimates; scarcely a day passing without his visiting me, or vice versa. Much I found in his political sentiments to admire and sympathise with, and much to condemn. A true child of the age, he had with others hailed the dawn of the Revolution as a light emanating from heaven, and not, as it would appear to have hereafter proved, a lurid ignis-fatuus from the nethermost abyss. And carried onwards by the turbid stream of events, his sense of right and wrong had been so warped and twisted that he would fain have justified the ensuing horrors of September, under plea of necessity of punishment for the "enemies of the people." Influenced primarily by the cold, sneering Mephistophelian spirit of the writings of Voltaire, he beheld in the upper classes the tyrants, oppressors, and irreconcilable enemies of the masses and the Revolution. And no less deluded by the pseudo-philosophic Christianity of Rousseau, he believed in nothing less than the speedy regeneration of mankind—with the disappearance of social distinctions, the disappearance also of misery and crime. Bright, mad hopes were, they, but then the madness was almost universal; and who can wonder at a hot-headed young man of seven-and-twenty, with brain and heart a-flame with the lava-thought of that time, not being wiser than his fellows?

I have said I found much to like in him; indeed, it was difficult to know him and feel otherwise. His faults of political greed, springing from his convictions, being rather the result of his feelings than from reflection, could not mar his qualities of bravery and generosity. I (and the narrator smiled) was not then so high in favour with Dame Fortune as I may now claim to be, and more than once has Adam Lux divided with me the stipend his office as delegate to the Assembly procured him. I loved him, too, for his enthusiasm. At the mention of any deed of honourable daring, his eye would light up and his face would flush; while on the allusion to any act of tyranny and oppression, he would set his teeth together, and for a second be capable of murder from sheer sympathy. Nor must I forget to add that the imaginative powers of his ill-regulated mind were as little under his control as his social creed. With all the scepticism of the age, and disbelief in what was then denominated priestcraft and conventional formula, he yet possessed a fund of superstition. At times the German blood from which he sprang would be strongly manifest in dreamy, half-morbid musings concerning the spirit-world, which, eschewing all revelation, he would people according to his fancy, now with bright, now with sombre images. And this, you may imagine, had also its attraction for me. But chiefest of all, enthusiasm was his prevailing characteristic; all thoughts and impressions ran into extremes. In days of great social changes and commotion, what acts, both of good and ill, are not such natures capable of!

Twelve months had passed; twelve terrible months for France. The land convulsed and terror-stricken throughout; anarchy and horror everywhere. Civil war raged round its borders, and fierce factions contended within. The streets of Paris had run red with blood, and the head of the hapless Louis, (victim for the crimes of a generation of kings) had fallen beneath the guillotine at the Place de la Revolution. And now, as was then said, "the Revolution, like Saturn, was devouring its own children;" the long-breeding and inevitable struggle between the two parties, the Girondins and Mountain, had virtually ended in the arrest of the former.

Sometimes unable to quit Paris (the attempt might have resulted in death as a fugitive "suspect"), at others, strange as it may seem, unwilling to leave the theatre wherein was being enacted a drama of such terrible interest, my intimacy with Adam Lux still continued. But a change had come across his fevered brain and imagination; the over-present sight of death had sickened him; day after day the death-laden tumbrils rolled dismally by with their *fournées* (batches) of victims, to the never-pausing guillotine; and was this the golden age of brotherhood and perfect happiness he had pictured to himself? Blood, nothing but blood! Death everywhere—to the young, the old, the fair, the brave, the wise. What wonder, then, that men would cry "Vive le Roi!" as a passport of dismissal from a world in which such horrors were perpetrated? With this, in my friend's mind, would be combined fits of despondency to the direst degree, inasmuch that I half fancied his reason would be in the end affected, unless, as I was endeavouring to do, I could induce him to accompany me in flight to my own free land.

Ah! how dear was it to me then, in imagination, when I felt that perchance I might never see it more!

It was upon the night of the thirteenth of July, 1793 (the eve of that day which four years ago witnessed the storming of the Bastille), that I sat alone in my attic in the Quartier Latin. A sultry, oppressive day had been succeeded by a wild, blustering night; no moon was visible, and as I gazed forth from my garret window, the face of the heavens was all obscured by a heavy rack of clouds, which moved rapidly and continuously athwart the whole horizon. The wind, blowing in fitful gusts, made a dismal sighing and sighing among the tall chimney-stacks and steep-roofed gables of the students' quarter. I was all alone, too far up to note aught that might occur in the streets below, even had it been practicable from my window. The rooms beneath were tenanted by a motley assemblage, chiefly of artisans and students (or those who passed as such), often disorderly enough; but now, save an occasional tramping up or down the staircase common to the house, I heard nothing; indeed, the rising of the wind would have prevented it. My mind was unquiet as the element without. Thoughts of my home across the wide waters of the Atlantic; of all the scenes I had witnessed in the revolutionary drama; of what it would end in, and whether I should live to think and speak of these things as bygone; all this, and more, thronged in my brain, till wearied out, both in mind and body, I sought in care-killing sleep a temporary oblivion from all. Uneasily I lay for some time, listening to the wind, and now driving rain dashing against the rickety casement, until the monotony of the sound had its effect, and lulled me to slumber.

I might have slept an hour or more, when a clamour at the door awakened me.

"Open! open to me, my friend; 'tis I!"

I sprang out of bed, recognising the voice of Adam Lux, and admitted him. He half-staggered, half-rushed into the room, flung himself into a chair, and bade me secure the door.

With words of inquiry at the terror his accent betrayed, I did so, and with some little difficulty struck a light and ignited the candle. And then never did I see a more appalled countenance than the one presented to my gaze! His features were actually livid, his teeth clashed together; the muscles of his face were rigid; his long, light hair, dank with rain, hung about his face; and his whole form, wet also, shuddered from head to foot, so much so that the very table against which he leant vibrated.

It was some time before I could calm and re-assure him, sufficiently to hope for a rational reply. Anticipating that he had been beset, or that his life was in danger from the Revolutionary Tribunal, I pressed him to narrate what had occurred.

"Not that! not that!" said he, as I gave utterance to my suspicions; "it is no fear for life I have, or for safety. Frankly, I have"—and here he again shuddered as if smitten by the palsy—"I have this night seen face to face something which was not of this world!"

I looked doubtful, fearing for his sanity, and he saw it. "Listen to me!" he said; and after several attempts, and failures at narration, each time interrupted by a paroxysm of the same overwhelming horror he had manifested on his arrival, he, with frequent pauses, commenced:

"I had left the Jacobins early, in the midst of all the tumult—Ha! you know not that, perchance! Marat is assassinated!"

"Marat assassinated!" cried I, in wonder at the news.

"Killed, and, as we hear, by a woman!" said he. Repressing my own astonishment, and a quick, burning feeling of fierce exultation at the death of so atrocious a monster, I let him continue, wondering the more at the apparent little regard he afforded to a circumstance which, I knew full well, would have affected him in the highest degree. He went on:

"I left the club, my temples throbbing with a sick, mad headache, and wearied out by the turmoil and my own illness, went home, and straight to bed. There I could not sleep, and I laid hot and feverish and half-mad till close on midnight; a thousand hurried, incoherent, terrible imaginings passing through my brain with such rapidity that I almost feared delirium was upon me. At last they all merged into one strange, intense, fierce yearning to wander forth amid the rain and the night. So earnest and urgent was the impression, that it seemed as though some spirit were forcing, prompting me on to it. Combating it in vain, I at last rose, threw on my clothes, and obeying the impulse, issued forth. The streets were all dark and wet; the house fronts stood out murky and black in front of the troubled sky; and the blustering wind-flaw swept fiercely down the narrow lanes as I hurried on, apparently impelled by no effort of volition, but, as I have said, constrained by some overwhelming power. The rain drifted against me with violence, slant-wise, wetting me throughout; still on I went, faster and faster. Few pedestrians are abroad in revolutionary Paris after midnight; what few I met might turn and gaze after me in the darkness; I noticed it not, but held on, unconscious whither my steps tended. Suddenly I issued forth upon the Rue St. Honoré; I was close upon the Place de la Revolution! Was this the goal to which I was so irresistibly impelled?"

"Black and sinister-looking under the canopy of midnight, rose up the form and frame-work of the guillotine, the spirit of the place. I stood beneath the scaffold, gazing fixedly upon it. The strong, uncontrollable impulse which had brought me thither was gone; and in

its stead an appalled, vague terror of something about to happen, which must come, and could not be shunned, had succeeded. Fear was upon me to the last degree; fear of I knew not what. Even as I stood thus gazing, terror-stricken and bewildered, unable to quit the spot, I saw, through the dark night and the rain, the figure of a man apparently issuing from a farther corner of the square, and coming towards me. Determined by a violent effort to wrest myself from the nameless fear which mastered me I resolved to speak to him. He drew nearer, passed swiftly by, close by my side, his face turned full upon me; and then, O great Heavens! I saw—

"What! in Heaven's name?"

"My own features, face to face! Alike we were in countenance and demeanour, save that in its face was a fixed, rigid, awful stare, which made my blood run chill. O God! the intense horror of that moment. But for a second and it was gone, passed, vanished into the wild midnight; and I, mad, frantic with terror, fled on and on till I came hither to you as you now see me!"

Vain was the attempt to represent to him that the spectre was but the result of his own diseased and excited imagination. His faith was not to be shaken, and he regarded it as the forerunner of his speedily-approaching death. From sympathy I entreated him to remain with me at least for some days, to which he willingly consented.

All Paris on the morrow resounded with the intelligence of the death of Marat. Rendered a matter of history as it now is, I need not particularise the event more closely than by stating that on the evening of which I have spoken, Marat, while sitting in a slipper-bath at his own house, had been stabbed to the heart by the heroic Charlotte Corday, with whose fate, however, that of the hero of my story is so strangely blended.

Adam Lux, sympathetic and imaginative, was agitated with extreme, admiring wonder at the incident; his admiration mounted to enthusiasm. Therefore was it, that (three days past) on the following Wednesday we found ourselves struggling amid a dense crowd in the essay to enter the thronged walls of the Palais de Justice, wherein the trial of Charlotte Corday was in progress. Many were the exclamations of astonishment, of rage and of admiration from the excitable Parisian populace, as the mob swayed to and fro around the avenues to the building. Our attempt was a vain one, even when my companion attempted to avail himself of his title of national deputy; admission through such a crowd was impossible. The only resource therefore left, to satisfy our baffled curiosity, was to be present at the execution. And truly the sunset of that day witnessed a piteous and memorable sight: one which I can even now conjure up clear and distinct, as though of occurrence yesterday. Forth came the dismal tumbril from the Conciergerie prison gate into a city all astir with expectation; and there, clothed in the red garment of a doomed murderer, sat the hapless beautiful avenger of outraged humanity, Charlotte Corday. For she was very beautiful; of a stately, noble figure; and her fair, full, calm face, gazed upon by all eyes, spoke a thousand unutterable thoughts, but peaceful and dreadless all. And yet she journeyed to her death; she, not yet five-and-twenty! It was a spectacle of awe and pity—that young girl passing along so tranquil and fearlessly to the keen, cruel edge of the guillotine. The populace around were variously affected. Some with blanched cheeks bared their heads in reverence; some wept; others, forming the majority, yelled and shouted in savage exultation. Indifferent to all she seemed, and the cart moved on.

"She is very beautiful," said I. "Oh! Adam, what think you of this? Is it not a cruel deed?"

"Greater than Brutus," said he, "is she, and it were beautiful to die with her!" I looked at him, as, with eyes sparkling and face flushed with enthusiasm, he spoke.

"You scarcely regard your safety in saying it," said I. "I care not!" he cried; "follow, follow, in Heaven's name! Let us keep up with the cart!"

Arrived at the Place de la Revolution (I saw a shudder pass through my friend's body from head to foot, in spite of his enthusiasm), the whole square was filled by a moving mass: even the house-tops and roofs displayed occupants. Yet that fair doomed face still wore the same tranquil, inexplicable smile. The last rays of the sun flashed brightly on the guillotine knife, and shone like a glory on her face and hair as she mounted the scaffold. The crowd, till then undulating and murmuring, held their breath with awe. There was a brief pause, during which, according to their custom, the executioners proceeded to bind her feet. At first she resisted this, manifesting indignation at the supposed insult; but on a short explanation being vouchsafed, submitted with cheerful assent. Her neckerchief was then removed: a flush of outraged womanly modesty dyed for a moment her neck and face with crimson; she was bound, placed beneath the fatal instrument, and with harsh jar the swift knife fell, and with it the noble, beautiful head of the slayer of Marat.

Adam Lux accompanied me homewards, his enthusiasm amounting to delirium. In vain did I essay to calm him; all his talk was of her whose death we had witnessed. That night, quitting me, he hastened to pour forth the thoughts of his heated brain in an "Apotheosis of Charlotte Corday," almost a hymn of adoration to her memory, proposing the erection of her statue, with, for inscription, the words which had sprung spontaneously to his lips on seeing her, "Greater than Brutus." Headless

reckless of personal danger, though warned by myself and others, he determined on printing and publishing the fatal document. The sure, certain result, who has not anticipated? Its appearance was but the signal for his arrest, and arrest and condemnation were one and the same thing at a bar where Fouquier Tinville was public accuser. And now, last scene of all, my story draws speedily to a close.

A day in the early part of the month of November saw me once more in the Place de la Révolution, but Adam Lux was no longer by my side. I had come at his request to see him die. Aloft he stood in the death-cart with his fellow-victims, their journey and life to end at the guillotine. The long time he had passed in prison had fearfully changed him; his body was emaciated, his face haggard, his eyes bright with a wild lustre, not of reason. I had heard (for entrance to the prison was denied me) that he had taken no food for three weeks.* Yet he recognised me, and as he bent his head in acknowledgement of my presence (his arms being bound forbade other movement), I saw and knew involuntarily, by the strange, intense, meaning glance of his eyes, that his mind for a moment dwelt upon that fearful night of the thirteenth of July, the night wherein he had encountered or imagined the appearance of his spectral self. The cart reached the scaffold. First one was he to leap down and mount to the guillotine. He declared that "he died for Charlotte Corday, and with great joy," and that he hoped to join her in another world; and then the axe clanked down, and head and life were shorn away together!

A few brief weeks from that time saw me bounding over the glad waters, my face and heart turned homewards, leaving France and revolutionary horrors far behind, never, never to return.

"I suspect your friend was a bit of a lunatic, Mr. Bevan," quoth the Londoner; "nevertheless, the story is not a bad one."

"Well, I do not say he was not," said the narrator; "the complaint was common in those days!"

As for the latter part of the assertion of our friend the cockney, all we can say is, that we hope the public will be of his opinion.

THE MONTH.

There is no period of time so truly emblematical as the Month. It presents itself at once to the mind as a separate and complete picture, and scarcely needs the illustrations of the artist. How different is it with the year—dull, unpoetical, and stern!—round which cling no sweet associations, and which serves but the one useful purpose of a milestone in the great journey of life. The day, too fleeting and evanescent, refuses to be symbolized, and brings no enduring charm to the mind; it drops upon us like rain upon the ocean, swelling into ever-widening circles, but soon lost to us for ever! The Month, on the contrary, dwells in our minds, and lingers long enough for us to become intimately acquainted with all its characteristics. In its bosom Nature herself is reflected as in a mirror, and so closely are the two combined that they appear, as it were, to belong to each other.

*Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition.

The months, indeed, are so many tableaux of Nature's sweet and constant variety. It were possible almost to personify them. January comes upon us like a stranger whose acquaintance we feel ourselves bound to make, yet whose character is so perfectly unknown to us that we welcome him with mingled feelings of joy and doubt. We would fain hail him as the messenger of good tidings, and the pioneer of happiness; but he stands so coldly wrapped in his mantle of snow, that feelings of misgiving and dread irresistibly come over us, and we give him by no means a hearty reception. He is to our mind the sacred oracle in whose bosom are locked up the secrets of the coming year, and whom we yearn to consult, like the Greeks at Delphi, that we may penetrate into the mysterious future, and ascertain our destiny. But, like the Sphinx

"He stares right on with calm Eternal eye!"
little heeding our petitions, and treating coldly our supplications.

Although January is associated with the infancy of the year, it is impossible to think of him as possessing any of the characteristics of youth. He does not come laughing along like merry May, or weeping like childish April—he is more like the grown-up son of hoary December. He may be regarded as the tutor of the year, the "guide, philosopher, and friend," who, though directing our attention to the future, yet points towards the past, and bids us remember that experience is the best safeguard against the storms and perils before us. The ancients doubtless had some such idea as this when they endowed Janus—from which our January is derived—with a double visage, one looking forward and the other backward. The Romans held this god in very high honour, and even placed him in their invocations above Jupiter. He not only ruled the beginning of the year, but the beginning of each month, and each day, and was believed to govern all enterprises. January is like the morning dawn, and is full of promises. The old year now lies buried in the tomb of December, and with it are hidden sorrows and shortcomings, promises unfulfilled and resolutions broken. Heaven help us in our new journey!

Although in this month Nature is silent, and apparently sealed up, we have but to wander forth to be assured that she is rather sleeping than dead. The sweet sum-

* So stated in documents of the time.

mer songsters are gone, yet there is one little representative left to keep the chain unbroken, and the cheery robin twitters amongst the frosted leaves, though his tones remind us of the requiem rather than of the psalm of joy and happiness, and he sings less for pleasure than for bread. His gay and well-to-do companions, who fly to warmer climes for the winter, may laugh at his homespun habits, but we know how to value his worth, and he bears a charmed life, even amidst rollicking and roguish boys. In the present chilling winds and nipping frosts, it is not meet that Flora should venture forth. Yet she does so occasionally, even in January, and dots the earth with gems. Her magic wand calls up the pearly snowdrop.

"Lone flower, hemm'd in by snows and white as they,
But harder far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest.
Yet thou art welcome—welcome as a friend
Whose seal outruns his promise!"

There is, too, the Christmas rose (*Helleborus Niger*), faint and delicately pure, so unlike the "Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls" which leafy June produces, that it reminds us of the strange and transparent beauty visible in death, rather than the bloom and vigour of life. The pretty hyacinth, with its pink and blue blossoms, now shoots forth despite all wintry influences; and about this time that superstitious flower, the Glastonbury thorn, makes its appearance, and, as if in scorn of the new style, prefers oftentimes to blossom about old Christmas Day. Until the time of the Puritans this "miraculous thorn" was believed by the common people to be the veritable staff with which Joseph of Arimathea aided his steps from the Holy Land. The tree was destroyed during the civil wars, but grafts of it still flourish in the gardens at Glastonbury.

When the ground unfolds its snowy mantle, peeps up the ever constant and sweetly simple daisy, which might be termed the Love of the Angels—certainly the Love of the Poets, for there is no flower so immortalized in song. Chaucer beheld in it the "Eye of Day," and Robie Burns, whose whole soul was in unity with Nature, sings of it thus—

"Gauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form."

The historical associations of the daisy are very remarkable. So simple and modest, yet it has been elevated to the sphere of Courts. "An unfortunate Margaret of Anjou adopted it for her device, and in France they still give it the name of "Marguerite." Margaret of Valois, whose piety and noble-mindedness was like an oasis in the desert of an uncultivated age, had the daisy worn in her honour, and was designated by the King of France his "Marguerite of Marguerites."

Wherever we go, even at this time of the year, we are reminded that the Beautiful is around us, and is indeed "a joy for ever." "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," albeit that the leaves are withered and gone, and the feathered warblers no longer charm the air with their music. The trees in their lovely garments of lichen—the still luxuriant ferns—the elegant chalcid-moss, and mosses of many other kinds, provide a rich feast of enjoyment to those who know where to look for it and how to appreciate Nature's great variety. There is, at this present time, a solemn grandeur in the woods, which reminds us of the sacred aisles of a cathedral. There are no worshippers there, for are not the leaves all scattered? No music, for the feathered choristers are gone. Is it possible that this silence can ever be wakened into life again? Who could fancy it who had never known the magic touch of spring? Woods present a singular charm sometimes at this season, and resemble the transcendent scenes of fairy land. This is when King Frost in a single night turns sprays into silvery fretwork, and branches into feathers of sparkling enamel, with a chasteness and elegance which the most cunning artificer would in vain attempt to imitate. While viewing scenes like this, who could be insensible to feelings akin to reverence and worship?—thankfulness, too, to the Great Being who sends us Beauty in the winter's frost as well as in the summer's sun.

Before leaving the woods, where there is so much to delight us, it would be almost sacrilegious not to notice that time-honoured plant the mistletoe, which forms in truth the connecting link between the present age and the Druids, and to which was formerly attached much reverence and honour. Pliny says "A Druid clothed in white mounted the tree, and with a knife of gold cut the mistletoe, which was received by another standing on the ground in his white robe." It is astonishing with what tenacity some customs cling to mankind, and the association of mistletoe with Christmas will probably last as long as the world itself. In days gone by this plant was invested with a strange charm, and people superstitiously imagined it would cure diseases, keep them from the evil eye, and avert ill of every kind. This association of the mistletoe has certainly died out in our age, as well as the more innocent custom of young persons carrying the plant from house to house on the first of January as a pledge of friendship, though this latter habit is still followed in some of the remote districts of France.

The budding of rosemary is peculiar to this month. Like many other plants, it was once considered—perhaps from its blooming at an extraordinary time of the year—to possess a singular charm. It was borne before the bride at marriage, and often strewed in the path of the bridal party as they returned from church. Rosemary was supposed, moreover, to have power to strengthen the

memory. Ophelia says to Laertes, "There's rosemary; that's for remembrance."

Our deep-drinking ancestors were in the habit of dipping this herb in their tankards, apparently as a pledge of remembrance as well as health. In the Boar's-head Carol, still annually sung at Queen's College, Oxford, and which may be found in that quaint collection printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1531, the plant in question is thus noticed:—

"The Boar's-head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bayes and rosemary,
And I pray you my masters be merry,
Quot astis in convivis."

A favourite sport in January is wild-fowl shooting, which finds eager votaries in the Fens of Lincolnshire and the south-eastern part of Dorset. Large numbers of web-footed long-necks make these districts their rendezvous and their arrival, especially in severe seasons, may be safely calculated upon. The excitement of this sport is intense, and persons who make the gun their study would forego the pleasure of grouse-shooting in Scotland, or pheasant-shooting in England, for the enjoyment of hunting up narrow estuaries, with the thermometer at zero, and the cars frozen on to the boat. Well! *chacun à son gout*.

We conclude our notice of the Month by appending a few appropriate proverbs, quaint and old-fashioned, but nevertheless containing a modicum of truth.

"Janvier is the coldest month in all the year."

"December's frost and January's flood
Never boded the husbandman good."

"Who in January sows oats, gets gold and groats;
Who sows in May, gets little that way."

"If January calends be summery gay,
Twill be wintery weather till the calends of May."

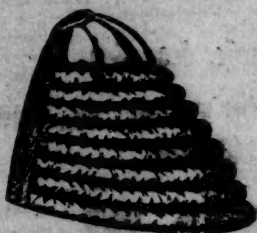
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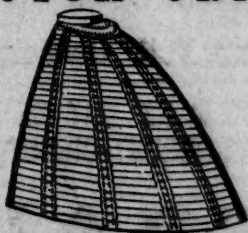
Printed and Published by ABRAHAM GOULD, at the Office of the "MUSICAL MONTHLY," 40, Great Marlborough Street, London, W., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1864.

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY ADVERTISER.

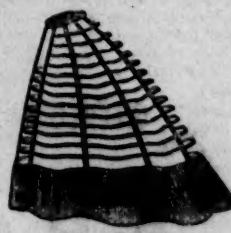
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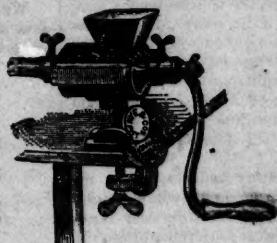
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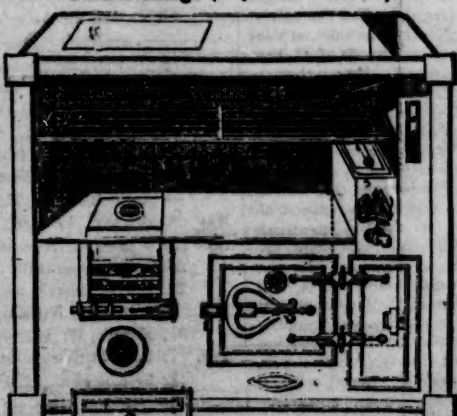
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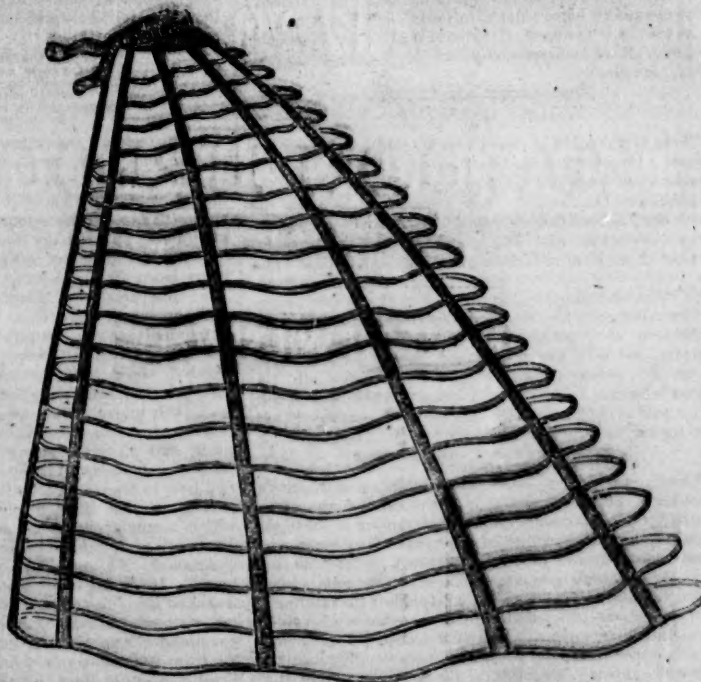
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reckless of personal danger, though warned by myself and others, he determined on printing and publishing the fatal document. The sure, certain result, who has not anticipated? Its appearance was but the signal for his arrest, and arrest and condemnation were one and the same thing at a bar where Fouquier Tinville was public accuser. And now, last scene of all, my story draws speedily to a close.

A day in the early part of the month of November saw me once more in the Place de la Révolution, but Adam Lux was no longer by my side. I had come at his request to see him die. Aloft he stood in the death-cart with his fellow-victims, their journey and life to end at the guillotine. The long time he had passed in prison had fearfully changed him; his body was emaciated, his face haggard, his eyes bright with a wild lustre, not of reason. I had heard (for entrance to the prison was denied me) that he had taken no food for three weeks.* Yet he recognised me, and as he bent his head in acknowledgement of my presence (his arms being bound forbade other movement), I saw and knew involuntarily, by the strange, intense, meaning glance of his eyes, that his mind for a moment dwelt upon that fearful night of the thirteenth of July, the night wherein he had encountered or imagined the appearance of his spectral self. The cart reached the scaffold. First one was he to leap down and mount to the guillotine. He declared that "he died for Charlotte Corday, and with great joy," and that he hoped to join her in another world; and then the axe clanked down, and head and life were shorn away together!

A few brief weeks from that time saw me bounding over the glad waters, my face and heart turned homewards, leaving France and revolutionary horrors far behind, never, never to return.

"I suspect your friend was a bit of a lunatic, Mr. Bevan," quoth the Londoner; "nevertheless, the story is not a bad one."

"Well, I do not say he was not," said the narrator; "the complaint was common in those days!"

As for the latter part of the assertion of our friend the cockney, all we can say is, that we hope the public will be of his opinion.

THE MONTH.

There is no period of time so truly emblematical as the Month. It presents itself at once to the mind as a separate and complete picture, and scarcely needs the illustrations of the artist. How different is it with the year—dull, unpoetical, and stern!—round which cling no sweet associations, and which serves but the one useful purpose of a milestone in the great journey of life. The day, too fleeting and evanescent, refuses to be symbolized, and brings no enduring charm to the mind; it drops upon us like rain upon the ocean, swelling into ever-widening circles, but soon lost to us for ever! The Month, on the contrary, dwells in our minds, and lingers long enough for us to become intimately acquainted with all its characteristics. In its bosom Nature herself is reflected as in a mirror, and so closely are the two combined that they appear, as it were, to belong to each other.

"Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition."

The months, indeed, are so many tableaux of Nature's sweet and constant variety. It were possible almost to personify them. January comes upon us like a stranger whose acquaintance we feel ourselves bound to make, yet whose character is so perfectly unknown to us that we welcome him with mingled feelings of joy and doubt. We would fain hail him as the messenger of good tidings, and the pioneer of happiness; but he stands so coldly wrapped in his mantle of snow, that feelings of misgiving and dread irresistibly come over us, and we give him by no means a hearty reception. He is to our mind the sacred oracle in whose bosom are locked up the secrets of the coming year, and whom we yearn to consult, like the Greeks at Delphi, that we may penetrate into the mysterious future, and ascertain our destiny. But, like the Sphinx

"He stares right on with calm Eternal eyes!"
little heeding our petitions, and treating coldly our supplications.

Although January is associated with the infancy of the year, it is impossible to think of him as possessing any of the characteristics of youth. He does not come laughing along like merry May, or weeping like childish April—he is more like the grown-up son of hoary December. He may be regarded as the tutor of the year, the "guide, philosopher, and friend," who, though directing our attention to the future, yet points towards the past, and bids us remember that experience is the best safeguard against the storms and perils before us. The ancients doubtless had some such idea as this when they endowed Janus—from which our January is derived—with a double visage, one looking forward and the other backward. The Romans held this god in very high honour, and even placed him in their invocations above Jupiter. He not only ruled the beginning of the year, but the beginning of each month, and each day, and was believed to govern all enterprises. January is like the morning dawn, and is full of promises. The old year now lies buried in the tomb of December, and with it are hidden sorrows and shortcomings, promises unfulfilled and resolutions broken. Heaven help us in our new journey!

Although in this month Nature is silent, and apparently sealed up, we have but to wander forth to be assured that she is rather sleeping than dead. The sweet sum-

* So stated in documents of the time.

mer songsters are gone, yet there is one little representative left to keep the chain unbroken, and the cheery robin twitters amongst the frosted leaves, though his tones remind us of the requiem rather than of the psalm of joy and happiness, and he sings less for pleasure than for bread. His gay and well-to-do companions, who fly to warmer climes for the winter, may laugh at his homespun habits, but we know how to value his worth, and he bears a charmed life, even amidst rollicking and roguish boys. In the present chilling winds and nipping frosts, it is not meet that Flora should venture forth. Yet she does so occasionally, even in January, and dots the earth with gems. Her magic wand calls up the pearly snowdrop.

"Lone flower, hemm'd in by snows and white as they,
But harder far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest.
Yet thou art welcome—welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise!"

There is, too, the Christmas rose (*Helleborus Niger*), faint and delicately pure, so unlike the "Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls" which leafy June produces, that it reminds us of the strange and transparent beauty visible in death, rather than the bloom and vigour of life. The pretty hyacinth, with its pink and blue blossoms, now shoots forth despite all wintry influences; and about this time that superstitious flower, the Glastonbury thorn, makes its appearance, and, as if in scorn of the new style, prefers oftentimes to blossom about old Christmas Day. Until the time of the Puritans this "miraculous thorn" was believed by the common people to be the veritable staff with which Joseph of Arimathea aided his steps from the Holy Land. The tree was destroyed during the civil wars, but grafts of it still flourish in the gardens at Glastonbury.

When the ground unfolds its snowy mantle, peeps up the ever constant and sweetly simple daisy, which might be termed the Love of the Angels—certainly the Love of the Poets, for there is no flower so immortalized in song. Chaucer beheld in it the "Eye of Day," and Robie Burns, whose whole soul was in unity with Nature, sings of it thus—

"Could blow the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form."

The historical associations of the daisy are very remarkable. So simple and modest, yet it has been elevated to the sphere of Courts. The unfortunate Margaret of Anjou adopted it for her device, and in France they still give it the name of "Marguerite." Margaret of Valois, whose piety and noble-mindedness was like an oasis in the desert of an uncultivated age, had the daisy worn in her honour, and was designated by the King of France his "Marguerite of Marguerites."

Wherever we go, even at this time of the year, we are reminded that the Beautiful is around us, and is indeed "a joy for ever." "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," albeit that the leaves are withered and gone, and the feathered warblers no longer charm the air with their music. The trees in their lovely garments of lichen—the still luxuriant ferns—the elegant chalcid-moss, and mosses of many other kinds, provide a rich feast of enjoyment to those who know where to look for it and how to appreciate Nature's great variety. There is, at this present time, a solemn grandeur in the woods, which reminds us of the sacred aisles of a cathedral. There are no worshippers there, for are not the leaves all scattered? No music, for the feathered choristers are gone. Is it possible that this silence can ever be wakened into life again? Who could fancy it who had never known the magic touch of spring? Woods present a singular charm sometimes at this season, and resemble the transcendent scenes of fairy land. This is when King Frost in a single night turns sprays into silvery fretwork, and branches into feathers of sparkling enamel, with a chasteness and elegance which the most cunning artificer would in vain attempt to imitate. While viewing scenes like this, who could be insensible to feelings akin to reverence and worship?—thankfulness, too, to the Great Being who sends us Beauty in the winter's frost as well as in the summer's sun.

Before leaving the woods, where there is so much to delight us, it would be almost sacrilegious not to notice that time-honoured plant the mistletoe, which forms in truth the connecting link between the present age and the Druids, and to which was formerly attached much reverence and honour. Pliny says "A Druid clothed in white mounted the tree, and with a knife of gold cut the mistletoe, which was received by another standing on the ground in his white robe." It is astonishing with what tenacity some customs cling to mankind, and the association of mistletoe with Christmas will probably last as long as the world itself. In days gone by this plant was invested with a strange charm, and people superstitiously imagined it would cure diseases, keep them from the evil eye, and avert ills of every kind. This association of the mistletoe has certainly died out in our age, as well as the more innocent custom of young persons carrying the plant from house to house on the first of January as a pledge of friendship, though this latter habit is still followed in some of the remote districts of France.

The budding of rosemary is peculiar to this month. Like many other plants, it was once considered—perhaps from its blooming at an extraordinary time of the year—to possess a singular charm. It was borne before the bride at marriage, and often strewed in the path of the bridal party as they returned from church. Rosemary was supposed, moreover, to have power to strengthen the

memory. Ophelia says to Laertes, "There's rosemary; that's for remembrance."

Our deep-drinking ancestors were in the habit of dipping this herb in their tankards, apparently as a pledge of remembrance as well as health. In the Boar's-head Carol, still annually sung at Queen's College, Oxford, and which may be found in that quaint collection printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1531, the plant in question is thus noticed:—

"The Boar's-head in hand bear I,
Beside'd with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you my masters be merry,
Quot estis in convivio."

A favourite sport in January is wild-fowl shooting, which finds eager votaries in the Fens of Lincolnshire and the south-eastern part of Dorset. Large numbers of web-footed long-necks make these districts their rendezvous and their arrival, especially in severe seasons, may be safely calculated upon. The excitement of this sport is intense, and persons who make the gun their study would forego the pleasure of grouse-shooting in Scotland, or pheasant-shooting in England, for the enjoyment of hunting up narrow estuaries, with the thermometer at zero, and the ears frozen on to the boat. Well! *chacun à son goût*.

We conclude our notice of the Month by appending a few appropriate proverbs, quaint and old-fashioned, but nevertheless containing a modicum of truth.

"Janiver is the coldest month in all the year."

"December's frost and January's flood
Never boded the husbandman good."

"Who in January sows oats, gets gold and groats;
Who sows in May, gets little that way."

If Janiver calends be summerly gay,
Twill be winterly weather till the calends of May."

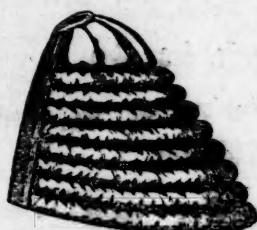
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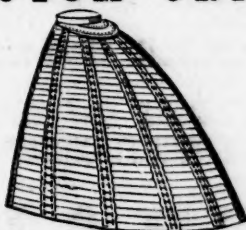
Printed and Published by ABRAHAM GOULD, at the Office of the "MUSICAL MONTHLY," 40, Great Marlborough Street, London, W. FRIDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1864.

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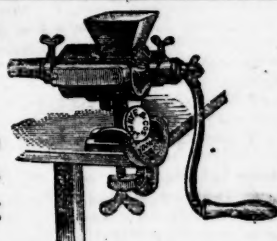
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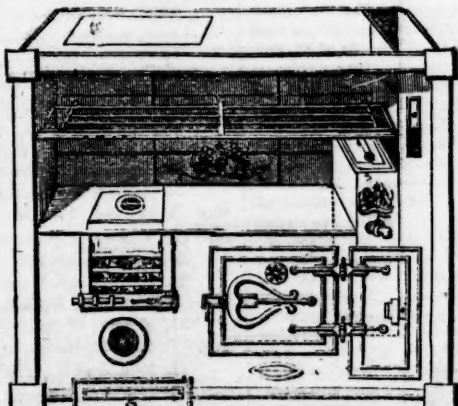
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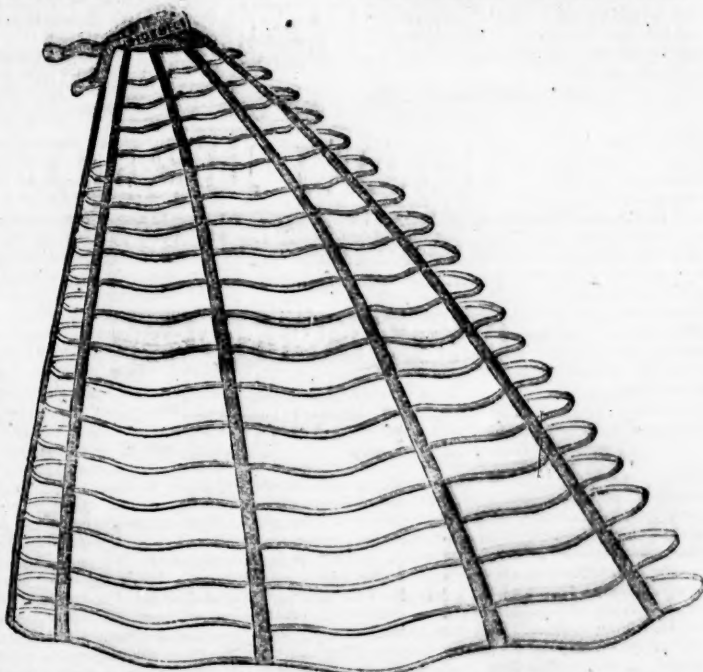
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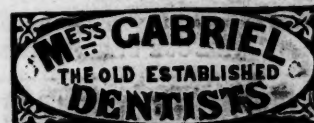


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